

The Nation

Vol. XIX., No. 23.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad 1d.]

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE entry of Roumania has made the whole of the Eastern situation fluid, and shakes even the Western and Italian fronts of the enemy. How they will all react depends chiefly upon the resolution of forces in the Balkan peninsula. It is far from certain that all the combatants have entered the field. If Greece comes in on the side of the Allies, Bulgaria's position is hopeless. It will be almost equally so if Russia chooses to march through Roumania. At the moment Russia is at war with Bulgaria, but cannot reach her from the North without marching through the territory of an ally who is not yet at war with her; and Turkey is at war with Roumania, but cannot reach her for the same reason. Meanwhile, the invasion of Hungary must be dealt with, and this necessitates a readjustment of forces elsewhere. The enemy already faced a number of tasks that could not all be accomplished; Roumania has added to them. Men for the East can be had only from the West; whether the enemy will take the heroic measure of shortening the Western front is the secret of the next few weeks.

ROUMANIA has acted with much vigor, and from the Bukovina end of her frontier to the Iron Gates, her forces are in motion. The Austrians have evacuated three towns in the south-east of the salient which Transylvania forms, and the Roumanians are more than twenty miles across the frontier. Hungary cannot lightly evacuate the whole salient; yet, threatened at so many points, local or total envelopment is the unpleasant possibility. We can appreciate the nature of the threat by comparing the Transylvanian frontier with the Western Front from Arras to Reims. If the Allies could freely move up from Reims and east from Arras (or Picardy), we should have

a similar situation to that produced by the Roumanians advancing near the Iron Gates and westward from the northern end of her frontier. So far, the offensive has met with little resistance, and already points of considerable tactical value have been seized. All the important passes seem to be in Russian hands, and the only point at which any serious resistance is being made is at Orsova. The advance to Temesvar lies this way, and the Austrians are probably chiefly concerned with covering communications with the Balkans.

TURKEY has declared war upon Roumania, but not Bulgaria. If she did, the line to be defended by the enemy would be increased by another 200 miles, and the Allies would benefit by this extension. At Salonika, Serbia, despite all reports to the contrary, is dealing satisfactorily with the Bulgarian attempt to turn the Allied left flank. The Bulgar advance is now held, except in the unoccupied territory of Greece; and it is obvious that General Sarraill is acting in conjunction with Roumania. At present, about three-quarters of the Bulgar army is engaged on the Salonika front, and any attempt to detach troops will be seized on by the Allies for renewing their offensive. There are undoubtedly Russian troops in Roumania, and they are probably destined for an advance upon Constantinople when the situation in the Balkans is cleared up.

MEANWHILE, the British are keeping up their pressure in Picardy. Hardly a day has passed during the week without some advance being made. The line has been pushed forward at Delville Wood, Bazentin-le-Petit, Thiepval. The German counter-attacks were nowhere made with any considerable force, save at Maurepas, where they were repulsed by the French with heavy loss. The advance is steady; the counter-attacks (that is to say the defensive) are spasmodic and weak. Reports of German correspondents frankly describe the appalling conditions that are created by the intensity of the British bombardment. Even the aeroplanes fly low and fire at the troops, who cower in shell-holes or other improvised defensive positions. Under the stress of the persistent pressure the French are able to creep forward slowly at Verdun. If Hindenburg decides to retreat on the West, this close and alert investment of his lines by our vigorous and well supplied armies would have to be taken into account. An enemy who can hold on cannot always be trusted to escape disaster in a forced retreat.

SOME interesting figures are given in a despatch of Mr. Warner Allen to the "Daily News." The Allies have taken 43,000 prisoners at Verdun and on the Somme since July 1st, and the total casualties on both of these sectors must have been extremely heavy. Despite these losses, the Germans have in the same period withdrawn nine divisions from the Western front to help the Austrians. It is clear that these troops cannot have been taken either from the Somme or from Verdun, where the pressure has been unceasing. There must therefore be some parts of the long Western front which have been dangerously weakened. Constant reinforcements are

being drawn into the Somme area, and it is reported that the Germans have been deprived of the periodic rests that are a necessary part of the fighting machinery. The defensive up to now has been worked in three shifts, one section in the trenches, another in immediate support, and a third resting in final support. The vigor of the defence must fail if the strain is now continuous.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas is still advancing, though slowly, in the neighborhood of Bitlis. His troops are also moving towards Diabekir. Each of these movements will become of the first importance if the Russians commence an offensive across the Danube. No doubt Turkey has always detained soldiers in the capital, but she will have to choose between Armenia and Bulgaria in case of an advance from that direction. If they withdraw troops from Armenia, Yudenoff will press forward there; if they do not, they risk the loss of Constantinople by attack from the North. Add to this the possibility of a column moving along the Aegean, and Turkey's plight seems to be almost as critical as that of Austria.

GENERAL VON FALKENHAYN has followed Moltke into retirement. He was a bold and resourceful General; but something of the War-Office soldier, and therefore of the politician, clung to him. The Russian campaign, brilliantly carried out, save in the last stage, had a partly political motive; and the attempt on Verdun, which, with the Trentino offensive, undermined his position, had a mixed political and moral object. He was a courtier of a type that is fairly common in history, and his influence seems to have stretched from the Kaiser to his son. This has vanished, and his retirement is hardly regretted outside the following of the Crown Prince, whose vanity he satisfied. Hindenburg had for long been a rival, and it was Mackensen, and not the old field-marshal, who was cast for the rôle of the conqueror of Russia.

HINDENBURG is a man of different mould. He has bluntly proclaimed himself to be no politician, though he is said to have adhered to the moderate programme of the Chancellor. There is no one in Germany who compares with him as a people's hero, and that reason may have influenced his appointment. A hero can sometimes conduct a retreat which other men would hang for. We shall soon see. Troops are needed for the new state of things in the East. If the Germans retired from their advanced lines in the West, they might be obtained; but it is hard to see any other way of securing them. Certainly such a readjustment would come aptly from one whose sole preoccupation is the military problem, and the alternatives before him are strictly limited. Whatever he chooses to do, his action may be of the smashing type he is known to favor—an attempt to relieve the growing pressure by swift and powerful blows.

On the political side, the intervention of Roumania may be as important as in its military aspect. Much more is broken than the long-standing secret treaty of alliance which had bound Roumania to the once Triple Alliance ever since 1883. What is really broken by her action and Italy's is the idea that any modern nation can be bound in time of stress by unpopular ties which the nation had never really accepted. Nothing is yet known officially as to the terms which Roumania may have secured from the *Entente*. She counts, of course, on liberating the Roumanians under the Magyar yoke. Hitherto there was as much to be said for solving the nationality problems of Austria-Hungary by imposing on her a federal constitution as for a process of dismember-

ment. But since Roumania will claim her share as well as Italy and Serbia, it is clear that not much of the Dual Monarchy will be left. It is a revolutionary prospect, and diplomacy may have to recall the old epigram, which said that if Austria-Hungary did not exist, it would be necessary to create her. That might be done, in effect, if Hungary, plus all the enlarged Balkan States, could be united in a federation for defence and the common use of roads and ports.

THERE can, however, be no tolerable settlement in the Balkans unless the rights of nationality are observed. In this connection, one asks: Has Russia consented to cede Bessarabia to Roumania, thus reversing the deplorable annexation of 1878? If not, then it is to be foreseen that Roumania will be told to pay herself by taking more of Hungary than she has any ethnological right to claim. We should judge from the King's proclamation that this is what has happened. He defines the claims of Roumania as the country from the river Tysza (Theiss) to the Black Sea. If this is to be taken literally, the number of Magyars, Serbs, and Germans who will be placed under foreign rule will largely exceed the number of Roumanians who will be liberated. In this big area between the Theiss and the present Roumanian frontier, the Roumanians form about 35 per cent. of the whole population. This kind of thing, coupled with the Italian claim to Dalmatia, and the Serbian claims to Macedonia and Albania promises ill for the racial peace of Eastern Europe after the war. Such a settlement would create as many problems of nationality as it solved.

To guess what may be happening behind the Censor's veil in Athens is an irresistible exercise for the fancy, and it has inspired a series of telegrams in which Salonika has for once eclipsed Rome. Our impression is that the fancy of the foreign observer moves faster than the Greek will. Three things have undoubtedly happened. The pro-German Generals of the Staff have been replaced by pro-Ally Generals, but the telegrams do not tell us whether this was a spontaneous exercise of M. Zaimis's neutrality. Secondly, the partisans of M. Venizelos have held an immense mass meeting. Thirdly, the partisans of M. Gounaris have held a much smaller mass meeting. Meanwhile, the King is again (in one sense or another) ill. M. Venizelos delivered an outspoken and very critical speech. But his peroration was simply an invitation to the King, phrased with a really delicate humor, to abandon the position of a party chief and "ascend again the steps of his throne." The concluding sentences mean, we think, that no revolution is contemplated. In some passages M. Venizelos seemed to say that the Army is now so demoralized as to be incapable of action. The elections will not be held till October 8th, and before that date it is possible that the Balkan situation may have passed the stage at which Greece could usefully intervene.

WE hope very much that the rising of the House of Commons will not mean the suspension or postponement of the pressing administrative reforms that were urged in the closing debates of the session. The need, for example, of a House of Commons Committee for watching the working of the Military Service Act is demonstrated every day. At present, some of the Tribunals seem to think that there are no limits to the authority Parliament has given them. Thus, the other day, when the Postmaster-General applied for exemption for an employee, the Tribunal (the Law Society Section of the London Appeal Tribunal) agreed to the exemption, but added a condition that the applicant was only to receive Army pay and allowances. "It is our object," said the

Chairman, "to see that no young man should be kept back at his full salary while others are going into the Army on soldiers' pay."

* * *

This is a perfectly new principle, on which the House of Commons has given no directions or authority to the Tribunals. It must obviously be applied universally or not at all. That is the Ministers of the Crown, Treasury clerks, and other well-paid officials of the several departments who are still within military age, must be put on a shilling a day, with allowances, if this Post Office employee is so treated. And if public employment is to be regulated by this principle, what of starved men in private employment? The fact that a Tribunal should suppose that it has the power to make such a revolutionary condition, shows how necessary it is to watch the kind of justice they dispense. A House of Commons Committee is urgently needed. The belief that compulsory military service spells industrial compulsion is widespread, and it is not in the least shaken by Mr. Lloyd George's reply this week to Mr. Wardle's deputation, which was merely a confession of muddle and error. It is an impression which may cause serious trouble.

* * *

ANOTHER pressing matter is the reform of the administration of the pensions system. We are repeating here, with less excuse, all the blunders we made at the beginning of the war. Our experience then should have taught us that no functions that can be assigned to a civilian department should be left to the War Office. The War Office has to see to the training and equipping of the Army. It is quite unfitted for any other work. This truth is written in bold letters across the Report of the Public Accounts Committee. It is clearly important in the case of pensions. It was suggested the other day that soldiers who are discharged on account of wounds or sickness should continue to draw Army pay till their pension was arranged. But such a plea was declared by the War Office to be impracticable: men were paid through their units, and a discharged man is like a lost dog. To arrange to give him his pay was quite beyond the administrative capacity of the War Office. But the problem is pressing now, for there are already many scandalous and heartbreaking cases, and it will be still more pressing when the tremendous task of demobilization is upon us.

* * *

In this connection we desire to call attention to an important letter from Lord Esher in the "Times" of Thursday. Lord Esher shows that in France every injured soldier has a right to a pension, and that his pension is sanctioned under the authority of the Minister of the Interior, and not of the Minister of War. The pensions are borne on civilian votes. This is a principle of great value. Many people forget that arrangements which were tolerated when Governments were dealing with a small professional army will not be endured when a whole nation is reverting from soldiery to industry. The military authorities must be kept out of all control of pensions and out of all control of the arrangements for demobilization. That is the first condition of social peace after the war. Meanwhile, the machinery for securing that the wounded and sick get their proper provision immediately on discharge must be got ready and rendered efficient. Some Members of Parliament, like Mr. Barlow, are pressing for a Pensions Minister, and it may be that this will be found to be necessary. It is enough of a scandal that we should still be agitating for a decent system two years after the outbreak of war.

THE Government have announced that in cases of distress, due to the rise in prices, among old-age pensioners, the pensions will be raised from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a week. There has been a large increase in the number of old-age pensioners who have had to seek Poor Relief; and thus forfeited their pensions. Some relief was clearly necessary. The agitation for regulation of prices continues, and last Sunday there was a great demonstration in Hyde Park. Mr. Tillett called attention to the huge profits of shipping companies, and various measures were urged upon the Government. Behind all this agitation there is an impatient feeling that the Government have trifled with the question. The Board of Trade Committee ought to have been appointed long ago, and the recent concession to the coal-owners has reminded the luckless consumers of the very inadequate measures taken by the Government for their relief. Next week Mr. Runciman is to receive a deputation of municipal gas authorities, who are to protest against such concessions to the coal-owners. There are cases in which Government intervention is difficult, and perhaps perilous, but we have never seen any reason why the measures recommended by the Coal Committee more than a year ago should not have been adopted. There are no foreign complications, and the control and distribution of the nation's coal can be undertaken by any Government that has the necessary skill and capacity.

* * *

LORD COURTNEY, in a letter to the press, brings a reminder which must not be neglected. The biggest task before the Conference which will soon sit (as we hope) to consider the whole franchise question, will, of course, be to provide for the settlement of women's claims. But there is much else to be done before we shall have a reasonable and democratic franchise. After Woman Suffrage, there is nothing that so urgently needs attention as proportional representation. We are moving into an unknown and uncertain climate in our politics. Many things are possible, but the only thing that is quite impossible is the restoration of the traditional two-party system exactly as it was before the war and the Coalition. The growth of new ideas, the formation of new groups united by a real identity of principle, may be frustrated altogether if we adhere to the single-member constituency. It hardly needs argument that the terms of reference of the Conference should be so drawn as to include the question of multiple constituencies and the alternative vote.

* * *

THE first annual report of the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research is a careful inquiry into the elements of the difficulty, but throws no great light on its solution. One of the lines which they suggest may be worked with advantage is the securing from firms, in confidence, an indication of what are their particular trade problems. It is clear that this requires a very delicate act of co-operation, and although there has been some exchange of information between manufacturers during the war, a great change will be needed before they will entrust to a committee the secrets which may represent radical developments of their industry. Some sort of co-operative effort is necessary. But it would surely be wiser to establish a central bureau of scientific and industrial research to which all manufacturers may have access. The endowment of research is, of course, merely an indirect means to the end, and the Committee recognizes that without co-operation between the manufacturers and the research students no progress can be made.

Politics and Affairs.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE entry of Roumania into the vast circle of the war gives a certain definiteness to its geography and to its politics. Visibly it tightens the physical encirclement of the Central Powers. More than ever it suggests the similitude of a siege. The investment of Austria is almost complete. Threatened from the Vistula to the Danube, and thence to the Adriatic, her frontiers lie exposed to the moral no less than the military claims of four Powers: Russia, Italy, Serbia, and now Roumania. Had her Government been a true federation based on nationality, instead of a combination of two ruling races to keep down the rest, the shock might have been withstood. But, save for the Hungarian spirit, little that is stable now meets the Allied arms till Silesia and Prussianism begin. And much that is extremely unstable confronts them on the outer corner of Eastern Europe. German diplomacy snatched at Balkan aid in the beginning of the war, but has had no time to assimilate its prey. Now it slips from her grasp. Bulgaria, it is safe to say, is in no condition to hold against a combined assault from Salonika and the North. If Bulgaria goes, Turkey goes. And with the disappearance of those outlying ramparts the Austrian defensive system collapses. With that subtraction again a great fabric of dreams comes to the ground. Most of the leading lines of German ambition centre in the Near East. A dwindling polity answers to a slowly but surely contracting material surface. The day of conquest is over. The whole Central Alliance is on a steadily weakening defensive, and when its more vulnerable part makes its inevitable physical surrender, the moral hold of Germany on Austria will fall too. Thus, if we do not see the end of the war, we see what the end must be.

For our part, we unaffectedly rejoice that the termination should come by this Eastern route, for nothing is more likely to convince the German people of the ambitious error of their rulers. The western extension of Germany was barred by the battle of the Marne; and we doubt whether since that event either Belgium, or a Belgian port, or an annexation in Picardy, entered seriously into German calculations. In all probability Germany dreamed of an exhausted or divided West, leaving her free to construct and hold her corridor to the East. That vision is now impossible. Neither her own allies nor the neutral world can build on it for a moment; and the continuance of the European War to sustain it must drop clean out of her statesmanship. It is not in her character to make that self-confession at once, and we must look to her to maintain her Eastern and Western lines, and to contest with stubbornness the Allied assaults on them. But so long as she holds them, fixed as they are on foreign soil, she exhibits to her people the visage of an aggressive war, conducted without a reasonable chance of success. How long will they sustain such an enterprise? Germany's rulers may exasperate the contest by outrage; that only loads the peace terms against her, and raises new moral barriers between herself and the Allies. They can conduct the game of ceaseless slaughter with dogged skill; but all its greater efforts are exhausted, and a narrowing strategy and tactics only proclaim the fact that Germany struggles but cannot win. To this conclusion her national consciousness makes a continually nearer approach. The German Socialist Party has now definitely decided that "the moment has come for the German people openly

and unlimitedly to protest against plans of conquest." We may be sure that this able and powerful organization does not move on unprepared ground. It is no mere art of Allied journalism to suggest that the German people want peace. It is the most unaffected and acknowledged bit of national psychology in Europe. *Why, then, go on with the war?* Europe wants peace. The neutrals want peace. The warring nations want peace. The armies want peace, and would welcome it to-morrow. If Germany's will is not conquered, her intelligence must be reaching the point of discernment that the war must be entered in her life-book as a profitless adventure, and that peace is not only her people's desire, but her urgent, and indeed her unique interest and hope.

Now we imagine the German answer to this contention to be that if the Allies are the friends of peace, they have only to ask for it in order to have it on reasonable terms. But what terms? We believe that official Germany asserts that she has made two overtures, each of which has been rejected. But the Chancellor's speeches in which these overtures are said to have been defined provide for the partition of Belgium. That is an unthinkable proposition. The restoration of the three dispossessed nationalities—Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro—coupled with full reparation for their wrongs, and for the equal injuries to France, is interwoven with the Allies' whole conception of the war, and is essential to its most generous aims. If our whole contention is bad, if the war is only a dog-fight, an illustration of the innate madness and badness of mankind, or, let us say, its ineradicable pugnacity and savage vagueness of mind, we had better finish it to-morrow. But we can hardly surrender our conception of right, so long as we hold it, save in the presence of acknowledged and irremediable defeat. The acknowledgment of defeat must clearly come from Germany, at whose door these aggressions lie, and it follows that it can only come as the result of a breaking of her will in obedience to an incontestably superior force. So far as we can define a situation of this kind in terms of a society that once existed and can never be revived, we should say that there is no room in Europe for neo-Roman Imperialism—that is, for a single dominating will, asserting a Teutonic predominance, to which none of the other fully-constituted worlds—the Slav world, the Latin world, the Anglo-Saxon world—will submit. If it is suggested that we desire to substitute for such a hegemony the dominant will of the *Entente*, we deny it. There is really no such will. It could not be defined, or the constituent parts of it reconciled with each other. We equally demur to the proposition that we would recur to the Balance of Power as the only alternative to the uncontested superiority of one European group. That is really to assert the anti-Ally doctrine of the power of the great nations to dispose of the small. We say that our policy is that of the Concert, so far as it is attainable and can be assured by new forms of common, arranged European action. And we will suggest a following proposition. It is well for the future peace of Europe to aim at a negotiated peace. If Germany—European Germany—will come in to any kind of association, she ought to be given the chance of doing so. If she refuses, the most ardent pacifist will be justified in framing the League of Peace without her. Germany's interior force is great; it is useless to look to the war as a means of destroying it. Neither can an after-war Europe permit it to disintegrate her.

Let us at the same time be on guard against the opposite assumption of so rearranging Europe that every

ambition of every member of the *Entente* will be gratified at the expense of every member of the Central Alliance. It seems to us that our statesmen have taken solemn and explicit pledges against such a policy, and have engaged the sympathies of neutrals, and especially of America, on the ground that they put the general interests of the civilized order above their own. If this policy is reversed in the flush of military success, we may indeed achieve our immediate end of material victory, but we are preparing a complete moral defeat. Let us therefore be prudent and aim at two things: a settlement of principle, wide in scope and based on a new international order; a settlement of territory, based on national needs and aspirations, but limited in scope. If honor points this way, the larger guide-posts of European history give the same direction. The organ which brought modern Europe into existence was largely fashioned in the Congress of Vienna. That body had before it three or four manageable questions, such as Poland and Saxony. Yet their settlement all but destroyed the concord of the anti-Napoleonic Powers, and involved Europe in a second great war. How does this measured task compare with the complexity of the approaching settlement, which practically involves the apportionment of five Continents, may bring about the disruption of two Empires, and is in the hands of a group of eleven nations on one hand and four on another?

If such a contest, on such a scale, is pursued to the "last man and the last shilling," a world so devoted merely proclaims its own ruin. Statesmanship must therefore limit it. But we do not believe that the quality of European statesmanship is adequate to its work without the intervention of a force which has reached a complexity and power corresponding to the need for it. That force is public opinion. Its direction is not good. Its operation is most confused. But it is educable. It is the only direct correspondence between those who made the war and those who suffer by it, and if it proves inadequate or ill-guided, the peace will be short and evil. We hope, therefore, to see it direct itself, as soon as the true character of this terrible problem emerges, to the real difficulty, which is the prevention of war. We shall be urged to take a short cut to this end, first, by destroying the Central Powers, and, secondly, by eliminating them from the economic comity of Europe. Even if that were a possible military policy, attainable by staggering loss, we believe it to be politically a "No thoroughfare." Pursue it, and we shall indeed meet impoverishment and death on the road. But not honor, not world-security, not even safety for ourselves. Those purposes are the fruits of goodwill and good sense, and, let us add, of the moderation of British statesmanship.

[We propose again to open our columns to a general discussion of the conditions of peace.]

THE REAL SERVICE OF ROUMANIA.

THAT the Kaiser should have chosen a moment such as this to dismiss von Falkenhayn is evidence of the limits of the German imagination. He has had many earlier opportunities of making the change. The differences between Hindenburg and the late Chief of Staff were notorious, and the extension of complete German control from the Pripet to the borders of Galicia offered a convenient chance of changing pilots if the Kaiser were convinced that Falkenhayn's boldness had been as unproductive as Moltke's caution. That the new appointment was delayed until now is an unmistakable admission that

the intervention of Roumania changes the whole situation. Whatever may be the immediate and remote effects of the adhesion of our latest Ally, Germany has advertised to the world that its result is to produce a military position as new and unwelcome as the deadlock that led to Moltke's dismissal.

A little consideration will show that this inference does not exaggerate the actual condition of affairs. Morally and politically the effects of Roumania's intervention must be great. It is an endorsement of the conclusion that the Allies are permanently dominant. But by coming into the war on our side at this juncture our new Ally not only admits this fact, he ensures it. The enemy reinforcements and drafts must now be drawn from a strictly limited reserve of inferior and increasingly inferior quality. There now remain men not yet come to maturity, convalescents, and men whose physique was always below the average; and the number even of these is not very great. It is under these circumstances that the Germanic Empires find themselves confronted with a new enemy, who has had the opportunity of pondering in peace the lessons of the new warfare, and who enters the field with a perfectly fresh army of well-trained men. Many national reputations have been won and lost since Roumania's appearance at Plevna, and armies are now of quite a different order. The small force which Roumania put into the field then is less than her yearly recruitment to-day. Her army consists of 400,000 men, and from first to last she can muster, at need, over double the number.

Such a recruitment for the Allies must have a marked effect upon the war. The enemy had been giving way upon all the main fronts before. What can he do now when he finds a new army of such quality and dimensions added to the number of his opponents? But this is not the worst. It is of still greater importance to us and to the enemy that Roumania presents us with an open flank. That she should have joined us at this moment when the enemy resources are so low is a great gain; that she should have so large and well-equipped an army is a greater; but that she should open up a new flank of such an extent is beyond question the greatest service she renders to the Allies. The Transylvanian flank is almost equal in length to the line between the Pripet Marshes and Bukovina. The enemy has just retired from his winter positions below the Kovel railway under the compulsion of force, and he has not yet brought the victorious Russian forces to a final halt. It has been the object of Brussiloff to bring about this retirement, not so much to regain territory as to compel the Austro-German armies to fight ever on a longer line. Lemberg and even Cracow are but symbols; the Russians are concerned with the thing signified, which is the putting out of the fight of the enemy armies.

It is of cardinal importance to both sides to make the most of their resources. Germany, to achieve this, relies on holding the shortest advanced line compatible with the fiction of victory, on an elaborate defensive system and on ample communications behind her front. The Allies' object is to interrupt the communications, breach the entrenched lines, and impose on the enemy the longest line possible. Only by these means can victory be pressed home quickly. In the war of manœuvres the superior resources of the Allies would inevitably tell. It is in this respect that Roumania comes to the rescue. With every recognition of the natural difficulties of the Hungaro-Roumanian frontier, we cannot but conclude that the manœvre war will never again disappear in the East for long. It is true that the Transylvanian escarpment is steep, the passes few, the foothills wooded. It remains certain that the enemy has

not at this point the numbers to undertake the successful defence of so long a line. If the Pripet-Bukovina sector collapsed when buttressed with 800,000 Austro-German troops, how can another fresh sector of like extent be held? The problem is not to deal with such and such Roumanian forces. In any case the Russian armies will act with them, and this at once kills any slight comfort the enemy may derive from the consideration that the Roumanian Army is limited. The fact is, Roumania has freedom of movement, and may strike anywhere over a long front.

Where her main blow will fall we cannot say, though at present our Ally is moving up the Red Tower and Predeal Passes past Brasso, the principal town of Transylvania, which she has already entered. Her forces are reported to be advancing at the point where Roumania joins Bukovina, in conjunction with the Russians; and there has evidently been fighting near the Iron Gates. It is here, perhaps, that the most interesting and far-reaching possibilities lie. The Banat of Temesvar has long been an object of Roumanian aspirations; but in the larger sphere of the war it has a more intimate interest for us, as carrying with it the cutting of the communications between the Germanic Empires and the Balkans. Temesvar itself was Mackensen's headquarters in the Balkan offensive, and the Belgrade-Sofia railway would be easily secured by a force that should penetrate so far. What would be the plight of Bulgaria and Turkey in such circumstances? At present Roumania is not formally at war with the former of these Powers; but the position of both would be unenviable if the life-line which binds them to Germany were severed. If they should decide to attack Roumania, they would probably find themselves opposed by a Russian Army looking towards Constantinople; and to make even a reasonable pretence at an offensive, they would have to weaken their forces opposing Sarraïl at Salonika.

Whatever may be the resolution of these various factors, we may reasonably conclude that, sooner or later, there will be great changes on the Eastern Front. It was moving before; the rate of movement will now be accelerated. It is unwise to emulate the exuberance of Harden, and think the end "near." But it has never been surer.

THE SOCIALIZATION OF TRADE.

THE Board of Education has this week completed the nomination of the two Committees which are to inquire into the teaching of science and modern languages. They will, we hope, give their attention to, and even concentrate their attention on, the place of natural science and foreign literature in the discipline of a liberal education. If our boys and girls can acquire something of the scientific temper and the cosmopolitan outlook, our employing class can be trusted to apply what they have learned to the needs of commerce. We do not doubt that a great deal can be done for our industry by the direct stimulation of applied science, and for our commerce by training business men (and, we would add, women) who really have that easy command of one or two foreign languages which is common among Germans and rare among us.

But the question of the reorganization of our trade is vastly wider than this, or than any of the familiar special lines of study and inquiry which stand on the same level. We have known for many a year that one of the handicaps which we have listlessly endured is the neglect of our internal waterways, and that another is certain strange features of our railway rates: both of these questions lead up to the larger question of the nationaliza-

tion of the railways. One might go on enumerating in this empirical way, moving from shipping rings to our conservative banking system, and touching nothing highly contentious until the subject of tariffs emerged. All these things are important, and all of them require attention, but when all of them have been dealt with, we shall not even have approached the central problem. Our case was stated, perhaps too simply, but still with insight, in Dr. Naumann's book, "Middle Europe." Our industry and trade, as he sees it, is still, for all its power and extension, on an old-world individualistic level. It has not in principle altered, for all its marvellous progress, since the days of the self-made man and the merchant-adventurer. The unit is still the firm or the company, and the rule is still the competitive system with all its notorious waste. German production, on the other hand, tends to represent a principle of social and co-operative work. Its real unit is the whole national trade combined in a syndicate or cartel, and the combination has meant, not merely the elimination of wasteful competition, the economy of large production, the gains that come from expert buying and selling on a vast scale, and the encouragement of research, but also a certain mental change which is more important than all of these.

Some of us are old enough to remember the biographies which Mr. Samuel Smiles and other Victorians of his school used to dedicate to the "self-made man" and the "captain of industry." Those books, we should guess, have made more Socialists than all the propaganda of the Fabian Society. But repugnant as that Victorian ideal of "getting on" for one's own sake, by one's own unaided efforts, is to any modern mind with a social conscience, it did in its day represent an enthusiasm appropriate to its age. Since that distant day of the pioneer, commerce has lost its imaginative appeal to us. When we turn to Dr. Naumann we are in the presence of a man who works with a certain breadth of mind and a positively lyrical view of business. When one reads on, and turns to other Continental writers of the same school, one begins to grasp the real meaning of this new social phenomenon. Industry and trade on this vast scale have eliminated the huckstering element. The illiberal side of trade, the effort to undersell and undercut, and beggar the individual neighbor, has gone, or is going out of it. The better brains who engage in it, and the more imaginative eyes which watch it, see in it not merely the effort of one firm or another to make a dividend, but a great process of national production. Somewhere in the centre of one of these great cartels one may feel that the phenomenon around one is simply the nation engaged in producing steel—or whatever the product may be. The ore is being bought, not for this or that firm, but for the whole national industry. The product is marketed in a foreign country, not by salesmen each selling against the other and against the foreigner, but by an agency which sells for the whole national trade. The result, as Professor Sombart has pointed out, is an evolution of the mind of the business man himself. He tends to approximate to the bureaucratic type. He is scheming and working for a great society. He develops something of the disinterestedness of the artist or the scientist, whose pleasure lies not in personal gain but in work well done. He has the sense of comradeship with thousands of similar minds, working for a common end. In point of fact, these great businesses do attract men of the type and the educational equipment who, in our country, would only go into the civil services or the professions.

It is easy, of course, to prick the bubble of this commercial idealism by holding up against it a still

higher ideal. These cartels are ruthlessly nationalistic, and they wage a cut-throat warfare against foreign competitors. They are, moreover, frankly capitalistic, and their attitude to the worker and the consumer is morally no higher, though it is intellectually more enlightened, than that of the meanest individualistic middleman. But for all that, it is a new phase of commerce. It is social work in a truer sense than that of the individualist firm: it does stimulate the mind by elements of a concern for something more than direct personal gain.

Unluckily, the first attitude of the British man of business to a phenomenon of this kind is one of alarm. He meets it only as a formidable rival. He dreads it as a big, uncomprehending thing, which may crush him. It rushes at him like some thundering Mackensen "phalanx," and he only sees the mouths of its guns. His first instinctive thought is defence, and he wants to raise a tariff, as the soldier will want to dig a trench. The trench may delay it, but will not stop it. A little more thought and a little more experience show him that only a "phalanx" can answer a "phalanx"; the defence must have the same big guns, the same accurate sighting, the same steady discipline, and the same good staff work. The present talk about trade war is deplorable for many reasons, because it threatens future peace, and with it the ruin both of our commerce and our civilization. It is deplorable above all, because it is the wrong and obsolete answer to this menace. The first task before us is, somehow, to think ourselves inside this "phalanx," and to understand how its staff work is done. We have dropped into a military metaphor, though we think that nothing so surely distorts thinking about trade as these analogies from warfare. Let us take a more illuminating comparison. We have known for a good many years that the German municipal organization is in some ways much ahead of our own. It thrives for much the same reasons as the cartel. It has good, living bureaucratic brains at its head, and if one asks why the bureaucratic brain there is less subject to atrophy than here, the answer is, we imagine, that it is less regulated, less tied up by stiff legislation, much freer to experiment. It might be well to begin our inquiry by asking whether our commercial legislation may not be one of the causes which have hindered the socialization of business. On the side of banking, it certainly is so. We have tied up our banks hand and foot, so that they cannot serve either for the current credit needs of business, or for the provision of capital in the way that German banks do. In some superficial ways, Germany is an absurdly over-regulated country—one thinks of the laughing lines in Rupert Brooke's "Granchester." In more essential matters, like the enterprise of banks and the free action of municipalities, it is we who are by comparison subject to red tape, and one of the results is that we rarely get the good bureaucratic mind, which schemes and works with the freedom and energy of an artist or scientist.

We have probably overstated the contrast between English individualism in trade and German collectivism. There has been in the last twenty years a far more rapid advance towards some forms of capitalistic combination than is generally realized. The thread "combine," for example, is really a cartel, and a very rich and powerful one. Some firms delimit their zones of sale. In nearly every industry there is at least a masters' combination as close as the men's union. There are also understandings enough, formal or informal, to fix prices. But we incline to think that these rather rudimentary forms of combination give us all the objectionable features of the cartel without its good points. We have the combination against the consumer and against the worker,

but we have not got the common marketing, the organized buying of raw material, the elimination of inter-necine competition in the foreign market, the common access to capital managed by banks, the common organization of scientific research. If our business men understood what the secret of German business success really is, they would hardly waste their time in talking of tariffs. The political alarm over the "Central European" idea was quite reasonable, but it was an error to fix attention on its insignificant tariff side. On its purely economic side the Central Europe scheme meant the extension to Austria of the German business system, its banks, cartels, and the rest, and the elimination of competition as between German and Austrian concerns in the Balkan markets which both wished to cultivate. Arrangements over tariffs, commercial legislation, and communications, were only the preliminaries. The real idea, the real mechanism, was the extension of this elaborately organized system of national production from a single Empire to half-a-continent. Cartels have little difficulty in jumping frontiers and tariff walls. This system was not built up in Germany by the Government, nor can it be developed here save by men who have learned to think in larger units than our old training taught us. What might and ought to be done by our Board of Trade would be, first of all, that it should make and publish a really expert but readable inquiry into this modern organization of trade. The next step should be to inquire how far our existing legislation hampers this necessary development. But there we must not stop. The phenomenon is already sufficiently developed to require regulation in the interest alike of the consumer and of the worker. The ultimate development of this capitalistic Socialism will be the devastating exploitation and enslavement of both, unless step by step with its advance we can subjugate it to serve the interests of the whole community.

WHAT AMERICA IS THINKING.—II.

THE following brief notes on American opinion are based on information communicated from America, relating especially to views held in the Democratic Party:—

FUTURE AGREEMENTS TO PREVENT WAR.

The League to Enforce Peace, often called the Taft League, has Republican supporters, but many of them have in view mainly the promotion of American "preparedness." The Democratic Convention has embodied the policy of the League in its programme, but the Republicans have avoided the subject in theirs.

It was thought that the President's speech on agreements to prevent war would be acceptable to the Governments of the Allies, as being in line with the utterances of their Ministers, and as making what had been vaguely adumbrated by them a matter of recognized practical politics.

It was believed that the British Cabinet desired a settlement embodying in general the defeat of aggression, combined with international agreement to prevent war, and that the Allies' reason for not desiring American mediation was the belief (1) that peace could not be secured in the future, except by the emasculation of Germany; (2) that our terms could not yet be obtained.

It was hoped that the speech would show that permanent security by international agreement is made feasible through American adhesion (so that while the defeat of Germany is essential, her destruction is not necessary), and, secondly, that if Germany agreed to American mediation, she would thereby accept terms which implied the total defeat of aggression.

The League to Enforce Peace has branches in every State. The personal support which it has enlisted could hardly be more influential, and it is organizing a great campaign. At a single meeting in Washington, it raised for this purpose \$380,000.

AMERICA AND THE SETTLEMENT.

The economic policy announced at the Paris Conference has produced a strong feeling that American influence must be guarded.

TURKEY.

America has great interest, sentimental and material, in Turkish questions, and would take part in international occupation, if invited by other Powers. It is hoped that America will take part in the settlement of the Balkan and Armenian frontiers. Americans regard it as fundamental to remove the Armenian provinces from direct Turkish control.

It is thought by some that German influence in Asia Minor (*i.e.*, what is left to Turkey) is desirable; that it would not drive Russia to seek German friendship, but that Russo-German co-operation would rather result from the exhaustion of Germany.

CONDITION OF GERMANY.

Many Americans have been lately in Central Europe. They report that public health is good, and that there is no such distress as to affect, for instance, infant mortality, though the shortage of meat causes great irritation.

ATTITUDE TO THE ENTENTE.

It is felt that the friendliness of the American Government ought to have been better realized in England.

The Government had to resist a strong movement in favor of preventing the export of arms, and a strong opposition to the President's ultimatum to Germany upon submarine warfare.

The partiality of the Government for the Entente is not denied in any quarter, and at present insures the support of the German element for Mr. Hughes.

OPINION AS TO THE EFFECT OF ENTENTE POLICY IN GERMANY.

The policy of pursuing the war till Germany accepts dictation, is much discussed. In some circles the total subjugation of Germany is desired. The more responsible view, based on news from Germany, is that:

1. The policy of aggression, and the influence of the military leaders, are discredited already.
2. The renunciation of conquered lands by negotiation would be recognized in Germany as complete failure of aggression.
3. Extreme humiliation would produce a degree of resentment and bitter feeling of revenge, which would obscure the unpopularity of the military school and revive aggressive policy.
4. Germans realize that Bismarck's policy of negotiating with Austria in 1866 proved more successful than the policy of dictating to France in 1870.
5. The attempt to upset the German system of government will defeat itself.
6. The internal development of Germany towards liberal institutions will not be hastened, but will be checked by further exhaustion.

Influential American opinion holds that:—

1. British aims (*e.g.*, defeat of aggression, right of small nations, and agreement to prevent war) being realizable, further expenditure of life is unprofitable.
2. The Japanese (on whom America keeps a closer eye than we), are welcoming the exhaustion of Europe.

3. German reluctance to admit defeat directly is due to the fear that the Jingo parties would upset the Government, unless its face is saved by the fact of American pressure towards mediation.

THE ATTITUDE OF GERMANY.

Many who know Germany hold that the German Government is not anxious for American mediation, but would be driven to accept it if the Entente did so; that it is probably prepared to renounce annexation, to concede Metz, an independent Poland, and the restoration of Serbia with access to the sea; in fact to accept terms which imply defeat, though it needs American mediation in order to save its face, and to survive the attacks of the Jingo parties. Exchanges in the colonial sphere would be bargained for.

MEDIATION.

The desire for the avoidance of future war naturally raises discussion upon the question of mediation, because it is felt that the military situation at the end of hostilities will vitally affect the possibility of better international relations.

It is recognized that President Roosevelt hastened the end of the Russo-Japanese War, though some of his opponents considered that it would have been better to allow the war to continue, on the theory that Japan would have been permanently weakened.

It is felt that American mediation ought to be preferred by the Allies, since Germany would clearly prefer mediation by the Pope or the King of Spain. She would not face the reprobation of America, which she would incur by refusing American mediation.

The desire to see German militarism discredited and destroyed is equal to our own, and it is recognized that an important section of educated American opinion might be called "more British than the British." But those who are best informed as to the situation in Germany, differ materially from prevalent British views, in that they regard the aggressive school as discredited in Germany already.

AMERICAN IDEAS ON A STABLE SETTLEMENT.

The principles on which America would mediate were stated in the speech of May 28th. It is, therefore, felt that the Allies would run no risk in accepting mediation, since those principles agree with ours.

The main ideas contemplated are:—

1. Defeat of aggression.

This would be held to admit of adjustments to meet national claims, to which the speech of May 28th referred.

2. Economic facilities.

e.g., as to (a) Routes.

Exclusive Russian occupation of the Dardanelles is thought likely to produce the recurrence of war.

(b) Colonial spheres.

The purchase by Germany of Congo territories is discussed.

(c) Commercial access to tropical territories.

3. Guarantees of stability.

Belligerent Great Powers to join in treaties aimed at preventing war, with agreements as to the seas.

It is thought that the Allies might agree to mediation on some such conditions. The argument that this would be used in Germany (as a sign of the greed of the Allies) to encourage military feeling, is held to be unsound, because the German Government gives the public, in any case, whatever impression it desires.

The prevailing feeling at present is one of very great disappointment at the absence of response from the side of the Allies to the President's speech of May 28th, on agreements to prevent war.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

HAS not Germany at last paid the penalty of her great political and military error? And was not that error the decision to "smash through" in the West and hold in the East, in place of forcing matters in the East and holding on in the West? Had the opposite course been consistently followed, all the worst consequences for her—the Belgian outrage, the defeat of the Marne, the odium of the French occupation—might have been avoided, and a limited and remediable war set up instead of a vast and almost irremediable one. Now she must pay. We may look for a gradual breakdown on the Eastern front, which she cannot avert so long as she is held so strongly on the Somme, and the attack continues to be so vigorous and so wasteful of her best troops. First Bulgaria, then Turkey, then Austria may be counted out from the active centres of resistance, until the Allies reach a confrontation with Germany alone. To-day's mood is sanguine of such a result, and at not too great a distance of time. The French are the most sanguine of all, but even cautious minds on our side incline to think that the end of the autumn may see a German offer of terms.

ITALY'S declaration of war on Germany has been a great factor in this change of outlook. Roumania has, of course, depended on her, and Mr. Runciman's visit, which was a great success, quickened the decisive event both in Rome and in Bucharest. Naturally, there was Italian hesitation. Piedmont was not keen to break with German finance, and the loss of the German connection was a wrench, which, I imagine, London will be called on to make good. Again, public opinion forced the issue and approved it. Among the factors in the result were Cadorna's brilliant and original strategy, the Prime Minister's campaign in Piedmont, and the country's pride in the fighting quality of her soldiers, notably of the Sicilians, whose steadiness has been the surprise of the war. In stability the Alliance is at its strongest. The one set-back is the unhappy victory of the Russian reaction. Events have much diminished the weight of that misfortune; but it stands.

THE Roumanian entry is still a little of a puzzle. Even Italy was not sure that she would come in within a few days of the event. A dozen times have I heard the week and the day of her appearance, and when it was actually timed the news seemed too good to be true. There must have been a Convention, and it may be imagined that the concessions go beyond Transylvania, and that they cover some stipulation with Russia as to the future of the Straits. But it is doubtful whether Roumania is mainly thinking in terms of the Near East. She hardly considers herself a Balkan Power—her "set" is not with Bulgaria or Serbia. Her eyes are on the West, and clever, thoughtful eyes they are, which bode no good to the particular Empire on which they are specially fixed. She has a strong Anglophile element, led by the Queen, whose intelligence matches her beauty and grace of conversation and bearing.

ELATION has its perils, among them that a full tide of military and diplomatic success may carry prudent statesmanship along with it. From the notion that Ger-

many cannot win, we may leap too soon to the idea that Germany can be beaten to the dust. This is not the Army view—far from it. The Army has almost always been more measured in tone, I had almost said more pacific, than the civilians or the popular press which it reads. The soldiers see and know, as we do not, even under the awakening shock of the "official films," what kind of a bestial horror the war has become. There are also men at the head of the Allied nations who feel the universal seriousness of the state of Europe, and realize that an ungoverned conflict of an indefinite duration must spell ruin for the victors hardly less than for the vanquished. This is no time for light-hearted politics, for other than a close criticism of the artificial prosperity which feeds on the war trades, and will die with their death. I might go farther and say that the preparation of peace has begun. For some time to come it must obviously be a preparation of culture and ideas rather than of precise terms.

NATURALLY, all depends on Germany. It is her *état d'ame* which we shall begin to divine, first, in the military decision that the Hindenburg appointment fortells; and, secondly, in the official attitude towards the new peace statement of the Socialist party. The full text of this document has not, I think, been given in this country, and I therefore append it.

"The Imperial Chancellor has several times declared his readiness for peace. Unfortunately, the enemy Governments have not made similar statements so far; the bloody offensives on each front show that they still live in hopes of being able to conquer Germany and her Allies in a military way. The desire for peace, which is just as strong in the enemy countries as it is in Germany, is undoubtedly being weakened and suppressed owing to the action of influential circles of politicians who are only looking out for conquests—in our country as well as amongst the *Entente*—and who promote plans that encourage the peoples of their countries to offer the strongest possible resistance. It, therefore, seems to us that the moment has come for the German people openly and unlimitedly, to protest against these plans of conquest, the carrying out of which would lead to new wars, and are liable to prolong the present conflict. The demand of the Socialists to repeal the military law in this country has not been complied with; neither have the aims of the war been declared openly in accordance with the German Socialists' hopes. Nevertheless, the desires for annexations of certain groups are continually being brought before the public and used to excite the enemy countries. Since, on August 1st, 1916, meetings of the 'National Committee to promote an honourable Peace Settlement' have been held in various German towns, where most of the speakers delivered speeches showing tendencies to annexation, it is the duty of the German Government frankly to declare what our aims are. Consequently, we have handed a petition to the Imperial Chancellor, urging him once more to make a statement in regard to the aims we are out for. We request our party organizations to call public meetings where our views, in regard to the aims of war and peace, will be made known. We also request them to make arrangements for collecting signatures for a petition, by which a settlement will be demanded that leads to mutual friendship between the neighboring countries and ourselves, that guarantees our independence, leaves our territory untouched, and grants us free economical development."

WHY will we do so many small things to such little purpose in helping the war, and such great damage to the moral position of the country? It is really incredible that we should forbid Mrs. Connolly, the wife of the dead rebel, to leave for America, though she has no political intention or aptitude, and order a lady bearing a well-known name to refrain even from conversation about the war while she remains (on a private errand) in the States.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE ROUMANIAN RIDDLE.

THE matter for surprise is not that Roumania should have entered the war against the Central Empires in the wake of Italy; it is that the hour of destiny should have surprised both of them in the position of Austria's allies. The diplomatist of the old *régime* was by tradition a witty and cynical person who did his best to atone for his crimes by his epigrams. Even Bismarck had a rough, unpolished humor, which blunts the edge of history's censure. But, for practical joking carried to a pitch that suggests genius, one may doubt whether history can eclipse the arrangement by which Austria had enlisted the two chief claimants to her territory as her allies. It lacked only the adhesion of Serbia to the Triple Alliance, that she should be surrounded by a body-guard of nations, all pledged by treaty to defend her, and all looking forward to the moment when she should be rent in sunder, that they might inherit the fragments. There was, indeed, a period when the disreputable Milan and the half-mad Alexander reigned in Belgrade, when Serbia too was in this position, for those kings, if a little too *déclassés* to be the allies of the Hapsburgs, were their pensioners and satellites. It was a conception rich in its humor and daring in its cynicism. One thinks of some embarrassed landlord, sinking under the load of mortgages, who, realizing that Smith, and Brown, and Robinson are the three men with claims on his estates, forthwith instructs his solicitor to brief them all in the courts for his defence. There was, to be sure, nothing else to be done, and what looks at a distance like a rollicking joke, was on a near view, plain common-sense. Italy and Roumania must be either allies or foes. There was no middle course. Unless Austria had tied them down in treaties of alliance, she would hardly have enjoyed a decade of life, to say nothing of repose. The marvel is that the arrangement lasted in these cases from 1882 and 1883 till the great war; if the Obrenovitch dynasty had but survived in Serbia, Austria might by this genial expedient have insured herself for at least another generation. The old Latin epigram congratulated Austria that, while other Empires must expand by conquest, she grew by marriage. It was no less characteristic of her peculiar genius that, while other Empires defended themselves against their natural foes, she made of hers her allies.

This feat will rank in history as the last, and in some respects the most brilliant, achievement of the old dynastic diplomacy. It belongs to the period when diplomacy was essentially the art of managing foreign kings. It carried on the tradition which caused Louis XIV. to pension a mistress of Charles II. when he wanted an alliance with "the Court of St. James" (which in those days was the technical term for England), and inspired Frederick the Great to write a gallant letter to Madame de Pompadour when something wanted doing "at the Court of Versailles." History will remind us that in spite of all our veneer of democracy this dynastic diplomacy was still the rule in Europe, east of the meridian of Potsdam, when the war broke out. That most revealing interchange of telegrams between the Kaiser and the Tsar in the last days of July, 1914, exploded something more than the ancient intimacy of two courts and two dynasties: it blew up a tradition. When the Autocrat of all the Russias justified himself by referring to the massive popular feeling among his

subjects the hour of the dynastic alliance and the dynastic war was numbered. It lasted a little longer in the Balkans than elsewhere. It is over in Roumania; it is all but over in Greece, and in Bulgaria we do not believe that it can outlast the war. In Bulgaria, indeed, it is only in the technical management of the crisis that the King has had his way, and that upstanding peasant democracy would have swept him violently aside had he not seemed to be taking the short way to achieve the one national end that is rooted in the popular mind. He recovered Macedonia, and when in the long run his policy stands condemned, his people will not blame him for the end he pursued, but for the means by which he chose to realize it. The case was otherwise in Roumania. King Carol's adhesion to the Triple Alliance meant, save by some incredible miracle, the definite renunciation of the national hope of a reunion of the Roumanian race. There was no question here of doubtful means, as in the Bulgarian case. King Carol's policy differed from the popular will as to ends. In alliance with Austria, Roumania could never have acquired Transylvania. It is profoundly significant that this alliance had of necessity to be kept secret. Writing, with some prevision of the inevitable catastrophe as far back as December of last year, Count Reventlow remarks, in his history of Germany's Foreign Policy, that this secrecy (for the treaties were known only to the King's leading Ministers) prevented the growth of any sense of solidarity between the Roumanian and German peoples. That is an admission that Germany had based her diplomatic structure on an obsolete and unstable foundation.

King Carol, had he lived, might possibly have kept his country neutral to the end, for he was a venerable figure, of more than average ability and of great experience, who had claims to Roumanian gratitude. For neutrality there was, indeed, a party, or rather several diverse groups, influenced, some by timidity, others by business reasons, a few by bribes, and some (the Socialists) by a genuine hatred of war. But an openly pro-German party there never was, and when King Carol, shortly before his death, took a private *plébiscite* of the opinions of the corps of officers, it is said that only 110 out of 6,000 were in favor of entering the war as Austria's ally. An essentially anti-national, dynastic policy was possible in Roumania only because it is still a country with a feudal tradition and a wealthy and all-powerful landed aristocracy. It has no peasant opinion, no popular parties as Serbia and Bulgaria have. But its upper and middle classes have a long tradition of French sympathy and French culture, and their pride in their Latin origin counts with them as a real motive in urging them to solidarity with other Latin peoples. The place of racial kinship as a political motive in modern Europe would make a fascinating subject for the student of political psychology. One may safely say that no human being in these islands, whatever other reasons he may have for regretting the war, has felt that its horror was appreciably increased by the fact that the Germans are our cousins by blood. The Bulgarians are apparently realists in the same way, and though it troubles many of them that in fighting Serbia they are incidentally opposing Russia, they would banish the Slav claim of fraternity as so much mysticism. Slavs, for that matter, have never been slow to fight each other, and it is always open to the Bulgars to plead that in spite of their Slav language they are not Slavs by race. But with the Roumans, we believe that a sense of their Latin origin does constitute a real motive. Their history, to be sure, is mysterious. The Roman Legions which colonized Dacia must have been

drawn from every quarter of the Empire save Italy, but travellers will still detect the Italian type in the features of this handsome race, and the language, in spite of a high proportion of Slav words in its vocabulary, is in its structure and its more common words, unmistakably Latin. To belong to an ancient civilization, to share with French and Italians the right to call themselves Latin, is for a race which dreads lest it should be confounded in the darkness of Balkanic barbarism, an intelligible and amiable ambition. There is no Quixotic element in this shrewd and realistic nation, and its Latin enthusiasm would never deflect it from the path of enlightened self-interest: "Sacro egoismo," as the Italian Premier called it. But the idea of realizing the ambition of a Great Roumania as a cadet in the Latin legion in comradeship with France, undoubtedly makes the dream the more attractive. France brought into the *Entente* as her chief contribution her superb valor and her military skill, but close after these we should reckon that magnetic quality of hers, partly the reflection of her history, partly the charm of her temperament, which fires the love of Poles and Roumanians, and even of Greeks.

To us in the West it seems that the Great Roumania is already as good as made. The blue Danube will flow red before it is a reality, but its frontiers are drawn already in the map of destiny. It is natural to dwell on the gain which will come to the three million Roumans whom the Magyars held in bondage. It will be the end of those recurrent treason trials, the end of that nightmare of political impotence, the end of those anxieties which never quite ceased to attend even innocent acts of association for education, worship, or co-operation. But there is another side of the account, to our thinking at least as important. A race which has had to struggle as these Roumans of Hungary did, develops in the process a manhood, an idealism, and a sense of democratic solidarity which may be destined to transform the rather backward feudal life of the Roumanian Kingdom. These oppressed Roumans had no "Boyars" of their own race. They have had to fight their own battles without the aid of riches or social prestige—perhaps, we should say, without their handicap. The effort, if it has been difficult, has been bracing. They will bring with them, not merely a radical democratic temper and a system of peasant ownership and co-operation, but also a higher general level of culture and a much more Western outlook than their kinsmen of the kingdom possess. Magyars were harsh masters, but even from them there was much to be learned. One example will suffice, but to those who know the Eastern Church it will seem very significant. The Roumans of Transylvania are half of them Orthodox and half of them Uniates, but they have adopted from their Calvinistic neighbors a species of Presbyterian Church-Government which is emphatically Western in spirit. It was, we imagine, this radical, democratic temper of the Roumans of Hungary which caused the magnates of the kingdom to feel lukewarm in the cause of Roumania Irredenta. The phenomenon is not peculiar to this race. Such struggles as they have had to wage are everywhere a stern school of political capacity. The Cretans are the classical case. The mainland Greeks used to talk of annexing Crete. It is Crete which has annexed Greece: led it, governed it, and saved it, in the person of M. Venizelos. The Bulgarians used to say, half in joke and half in irritation, that they were managed, exploited, obsessed by the Macedonian refugees—men who have sharpened their wits on the Turks. Liberated Roumania will bring a rich dower of character to her marriage with the kingdom.

WAR, YOUTH, AND DEMOCRACY.

THE flower of the youth of Europe is to-day perishing in the dreadful holocaust of war. And that youth is, as we have said, directed to death or victory, in the main, by old age. That youth is drawn from all classes, in armies of conscripts or volunteers. Its leaders for the most part are children of one class only. After two years of perpetual daily fighting, in which the battles and sieges of a generation have been crowded into these hazardous months, youth and genius still remain undiscovered. There are few in the higher commands of any of the combatants below the age of fifty. There are practically none under forty. Most of the best-known field-marshal and generals are above or approaching the time of the Psalmist's allotted span of human days. Kitchener and Joffre, Hindenburg and Mackensen, Kaisers and Grand Dukes and generalissimos of the armies were either beyond or rapidly nearing the traditional three score years and ten. And class, no less than age, remains still dominant in the conflict where one might have expected that ruthless demand for efficiency would have swept away all limiting barriers. In the British Armies, with one brilliant exception, the higher commands remain in the hands of what are generally summarized as "the governing classes." In Germany, behind the litter of incompetent Crown Princes and petty kings and princelets, the dominant figures who really direct the conduct of the armies remain as figures drawn from the German aristocrats and land proprietors. The same is roughly true of Russia, whose leaders alone seem to mingle some genius with the talent, not conspicuously above the average, revealed in the direction of the warfare amongst the Western and Southern armies. In Austria, royalties and great nobles—true to the historic traditions of Austrian leadership—appear and disappear as phantom figures with an unbroken evidence of incompetence. In France alone—and there to a surprisingly limited extent—do there appear generals who trace back their origin and derive their energy from the life of the mass of the "common people." And France has made the nearest approach—though a very hesitating one—to the leadership of the young.

It may be said, indeed, in justification of the present position, that education and experience must of necessity count most in warfare, and that any attempts to go outside the "educated classes," or to replace the tried vigilance and training of the middle-aged by the rashness and uncertainty of youth, must be an attempt seriously risking disaster. Such arguments might be convincing but for history: that history which Napoleon desired his son "often to read and reflect on; it is the only true philosophy." And in this history we need not go to sudden phenomena, such as those of Stonewall Jackson, well under forty, or "Jeb" Stuart, well under thirty, when they embarked on their brief and astonishing military glories; or even to the early stages of the French Revolution, where inspired youth, scarcely out of its teens, leading also inspired youth, broke the armies of the old Kings, and gave that great outburst of human liberation a permanent position in the world. But an analysis may not be uninteresting of the leadership of the armies, which, on the whole historic stage of the European dramas most successfully and amazingly accomplished the work they were set to do. In the autumn of 1805 Napoleon's Grande Armée swept eastward, surging down all the great ways of Europe. Nearly two years later, after the Peace of Tilsit, it returned to a Paris intoxicated with success, crowded with captured standards and cannon, having added another epic to the

glories of France. It had entered in triumph the capitals of great States and territories—Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw. It had conquered in fierce battles which had won an earthly immortality. Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena and Auerstädt, Eylau, Friedland. It had broken the power of three great and proud nations, and compelled them to bow to the dominant will of its leader. "Amongst those spectral survivors of an outworn life," says the historian, "the incursion of Napoleon across the Rhine had aroused a panic not unlike that which the sturdy form of Æneas cast on the gibbering shades of the Greeks in the mourning fields of Hades." They were, indeed, to be overcome at the last by a Europe in revolt; but in their adventure they had themselves established the condition that made that revolt possible: they had created a new world.

Who were the men who led the young soldiers of the Empire through so gigantic an enterprise? They were men drawn from all classes of society, and most of them young. Of the seven Corps of the Grande Armée the first was led by Bernadotte, risen from the ranks of the Royal Marines, aged forty-two, the son of a petty lawyer of Pau; the second by Marmont, aged thirty-one, the son of one of the small provincial nobles; the third by Davoust, aged thirty-five, the child of a military family of long fighting tradition; the fourth by Soult, aged thirty-six, risen from the ranks of the infantry, the son of a small provincial lawyer; the fifth by Lannes, son of a peasant of the South, then also aged thirty-six, and having enlisted in the ranks of the Revolutionary Armies; the sixth by Ney, also thirty-six, the son of a poor cooper of Alsace, who had enlisted in the Hussars in order to escape the life of a miner; the seventh by Augereau, aged forty-seven, the son of a stone-mason, who had risen from the ranks of the carabineers. The cavalry (the aristocratic arm) was commanded by Murat, son of a village innkeeper, aged thirty-eight, once a stable-boy, who fled from a seminary to enlist in the Chasseurs of the Ardennes; and the Imperial Guard by Bessières, aged thirty-seven, son of a provincial surgeon, who passed from service in the Constitutional Guard to enlistment in the Chasseurs. The whole was commanded by the Emperor, then aged thirty-six, the son of a poor Corsican, leader of revolt against the French Government, and without a drop of French blood in his veins. These armies of the mingled classes of the Republic and Empire, led by the children of petits bourgeois, poor nobles, and the working classes, sons of artisans, peasants, publicans, country solicitors, mostly risen from the ranks, and all inspired by the ardor and energy of youth, met in the shock of war and swept away into hopeless defeat one after the other the great military machines of the fighting races of Europe. But these machines were directed by men chosen from a limited class and all with the faults of age: Mack, Kutusoff, Schwarzenberg, the Duke of Brunswick, distinguished only by "mediocrity, irresolution, and untrustworthiness"; and the armies of the embattled Revolution, marching to the music of liberty, and filled with youth and its faith and dreams, scattered them like chaff before the wind.

How amazingly remote from the British Armies now fighting so gloriously in France and Flanders was this army with youth at their head triumphant, and career so rapidly unfolded to talent wherever found! For a parallel we shall be compelled to picture our armies stretched from Ypres to the Somme commanded by the sons of a Lincolnshire peasant, a Welsh solicitor, a Yorkshire artisan, a stone-mason from London's East End; the cavalry under the command of a publican's child; the whole directed by the son of an Irish Fenian, tainted in his early career with connection with Sinn Féin. The

average age of all would be about thirty-five, and four out of five of them would have been promoted from the ranks. Whether these potential leaders exist to-day, occupying humble spheres as corporals, sergeants, or second-lieutenants in the New Service battalions, with military talent equal to that of the young marshals of France, is a suggestion to which the reply must be conjectural. Whether but for the Revolution and its enormous liberation of human energy and exaltation of talent wherever found, any such experiment would ever have become realized in the world, is also a subject of uncertainty. The main fact established beyond controversy is that when it was tried under favorable conditions it was successful—so successful that the echo of its achievement will resound down all the long corridors of time. The year 1769 saw the birth of Soult, Ney, Lannes, Napoleon, Wellington: the fighting career of all these was closed at an age before the majority of the present leaders in the European armies had won a battle, before many of them had seen a shot fired. There may be an equally miraculous birth-year of Europe in the immediate past, whose children are now fighting on the various frontiers in humble and subordinate positions, unable yet to break their birth's invidious bar, or to claim for youth the right which is monopolized by age. Yet there is no army to-day which is not looking for that genius, the demoniacal quality of which, baffling the calculations of mere cleverness, has in no sphere proved more compelling and triumphant than in the vast testing-ground of war. And the nation which could discover and would establish in high command youth and genius amongst its soldiers would in a few months dominate the world.

EVERY PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

In his "Life of Milton," Mark Pattison has described the shock with which that "moral catastrophe," usually called the Restoration, fell upon England. The Royalists came back, he says, as the party of reaction, reaction of the spirit of the world against asceticism, of self-indulgence against duty, of materialism against idealism. For a time, virtue was a public laughing-stock, and the word "saint," the highest expression in the language for moral perfection, connoted everything that was ridiculous. Too much, he thinks, has been made of the Whitehall gallantries. Court manners are a mere incident on the surface of social life. The national life was far more profoundly tainted by the discouragement of all good men, which penetrated every shire and every parish:—

"Servility, meanness, venality, time-serving, and a disbelief in virtue diffused themselves over the nation like a pestilential miasma, the depressing influence of which was heavy, even upon those souls which individually resisted the poison. The heroic age of England had passed away, not by gradual decay, by imperceptible degeneration, but in a year, in a single day, like the winter's snow in Greece."

Two men were struck with almost equal violence by that overwhelming shock—men living far apart, ignorant of each other's existence, different in class, very different in knowledge, but possessed by the same indignant and resisting spirit, and destined to produce the two works which redeem and illuminate those years of dark overthrow and indignant defeat. Milton was driven from public life into blind and poor obscurity. Bunyan lay twelve years in gaol for conscience sake. In those two courageous minds, almost alone, the light of greatness remained burning amid the dull triumphs of the commonplace.

In our days a similar courage and magnanimity will be required to guide the changes and upheavals now

inevitably and hopefully approaching along the course of national freedom and grandeur. So we are glad to be reminded of Bunyan and his inspiring resolution by this year's Chancellor's Essay in Oxford. "Bunyan as a Man of Letters" was the subject set, and Mr. Clifford Wright, of Jesus College, has won the prize with an excellent literary treatise. Perhaps the attempt to limit the subject by the phrase "as a Man of Letters" was characteristic of the academic mind, hoping thus to exclude controversy, whether political or religious. Mr. Wright has done his utmost to keep within the limit, but, of course, the effort is vain. Bunyan was one of those great writers who are much more than writers. He wrote, as he preached, because (to use his own language) the zeal of the Lord had eaten him up. Of all his sixty books only one can be called a literary masterpiece (at least, we suppose so, for not even Mr. Wright or his Oxford judges can have read them all), and only two, or at most three (including "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners"), can still be read with much literary interest. In his apology for "The Pilgrim's Progress," it is true, Bunyan defends his style and allegorical method with a good deal of queer literary criticism. Yet we doubt if he ever regarded himself as "a man of letters." The truest part of that apology seems to us to be the passage:—

"Thus, I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white;
For, having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned
It down; until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see."

"Still as I pulled, it came"—that was all the literary effort of the book. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth spoke; and the mouth could not be silent because the heart was full of a passionate, spiritual experience, which it was compelled to impart. Whether in the form of the one masterpiece or in the form of all his other books (fifty-seven as good as forgotten!) really did not much matter. His purpose was not to write literature but to proclaim truth, to reveal a light shining in darkness, to confound the dull or savage enemies of the soul, and to guide our feet into the way of peace. That genius (probably during the quietude of his second imprisonment) inspired the Tinker just for once with the fitting form, allowing him the full use of his spiritual struggles, as well as his humorous and satiric observation of ordinary life—that seemed hardly more than a happy accident.

But for that happy accident we might have been put off with another volume of sermonizing disquisitions, and only a theological scholar or two would have heard Bunyan's name. Valuable as the purely theological side of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been to many thousands of English people, it is, we suppose, chiefly for the gift of humorous and satiric observation that most of us read it now. To the present writer, the marvel of Bunyan is that, after the appalling spiritual struggles and speculations which he describes in "Grace Abounding," a man dwelling upon the very verge of consuming Hell should have retained, not merely spiritual hope, but that clearness of earthly vision, that humor of genial sympathy. He tells us how, in early manhood, the visions of evil spirits, tormenting voices, terrors that he was not numbered with the elect, or had sold his Master, or committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, haunted him nigh to madness. In self-abasement he wrote, "I was more loathsome in my own eyes than a toad, and I thought that I was so in God's eyes too." It does not tend to perceptive humor to be surrounded by such demons almost visible as Apollyon, of whom he wrote:—

"Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. . . . Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, 'I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul.'"

Nor does it tend to a genial aspect of society to be possessed of a conscience such as Bunyan describes in "A Confession of my Faith and a Reason of my Practice." The book seems to have been written in the eleventh year of his imprisonment for refusal to obey the law and abandon preaching. The passage (quoted by Mr. Wright) reveals a "Conscientious Objector" indeed!—

"If nothing will do except I make of my conscience a continual butchery and slaughtershop, unless putting out my own eyes I commit myself to the blind to lead me, I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life may continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than thus violate my faith and principles."

It is a fine expression, even when we remember that the prison system was more kindly than now, allowing its political or religious victim to write books, work at a trade, and consort freely with his family.

Yet this haunted and inflexible spirit was the creator of all those varied and entertaining characters whom Christian met upon his journey—of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy ("Realpolitik," as our enemy calls it), but went to the neighboring town of Morality for Church, and trusted so fondly in Mr. Legality; of Mr. Pickthank, who gave evidence at the trial in Vanity Fair, showing that the pilgrims had denounced his aristocratic acquaintance, and was answered by Faithful that "The prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, were more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country"; of those prosperous and thrifty people, Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, who had been educated by one Mr. Gripe-man, "a schoolmaster in Lovegain, which is a market town in the county of Coveting, in the North"; or of Giant Despair, who (like all "blighters") sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits. But, next to the account of Vanity Fair and the trial (so exact a representation of all trials for freedom of conscience) the present writer most delights in such names as Lord Old Man (one of the aristocratic friends of that noble prince Beelzebub); and in "a young woman, her name was Dull," and in Mr. Anything, who, together with Lord Turn-about, Mr. Facing-both-ways, the Rev. Mr. Two-tongues, and similar friends, inhabited the town of Fair-speech. Add the many shrewd observations, as:—

"Some cry out against sin, even as the mother cries out against her child in her lap, when she calleth it slut and naughty girl, and then falls to hugging and kissing it."

And add, besides, the sweetness of the Delectable Mountains, where the Shepherds dwell, and whence might be seen glimpses of the Heavenly City, where pilgrims should be clothed with glory and majesty, "and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory."

It is for such scenes and characters, as we suppose, that the book is now chiefly read. No doubt, like Milton, Bunyan believed that its theology gave his work an eternal value of itself. It has not turned out so, for the aspects of theology change with the other movements of human thought, and now we might almost say that their theology is the chief obstacle to the reading both of "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." If they remain immortal, it is chiefly through their human interest, and the splendor or humorous simplicity of their

style. Nevertheless, in a wider sense, the Progress of the Pilgrim from this world to that which is to come remains an allegory of lasting value, even on its most spiritual side. For it represents the common struggle and invariable hindrances of everyone who sets out to attain some high and spiritual end. Everyone who strives for an object beyond the limits of worldly ambitions or comforts is like that pilgrim who was seen running with fingers in his ears, not looking behind him, but crying, "Life! Life! Eternal life!" And so, too, on his journey, every seeker after some glorious aim falls into the Slough of Despond, and climbs the Hill of Difficulty, and passes through the Valley of the Shadow, and is mocked and persecuted in Vanity Fair, and lies captive in Doubting Castle, imprisoned by Giant Despair and his wife Diffidence, and is plagued by Mr. Worldly Wisdom and Mr. By-ends and Mr. Little Faith, and Mr. Ignorance, and Lord Old Man, and Mr. Anything, and the young woman, her name was Dull. Too happy such a man if from time to time he rest in the Interpreter's House, or consort with shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains, and reach in the end that land of Beulah, "where the Shining Ones commonly walk, because it is upon the borders of heaven!"

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 662.)

BOOK II.

Matching's Easy at War.

§ 10.

OCTOBER passed into November, and day by day Mr. Britling was forced to apprehend new aspects of the war, to think and re-think the war, to have his first conclusions checked and tested, twisted askew, replaced. His thoughts went far and wide and deeper—until all his earlier writing seemed painfully shallow to him, seemed a mere automatic response of obvious comments to the stimulus of the war's surprise. As his ideas became subtler and profounder, they became more difficult to express; he talked less; he became abstracted and irritable at table. To two people in particular Mr. Britling found his real ideas inexpressible, to Mr. Direck and to Mr. Van der Pant.

Each of these gentlemen brought with him the implication or the intimation of a critical attitude towards England. In the case of Mr. Van der Pant matters were complicated by the difficulty of the language, which made anything but the crudest statements subject to incalculable misconception.

Mr. Van der Pant had not the extreme tactfulness of his so typically Catholic wife; he made it only too plain that he thought the British postal and telegraph service slow and slack, and the management of the Great Eastern branch lines wasteful and inefficient. He said the workmen in the fields and the workmen he saw upon some cottages near the junction worked slower and with less interest than he had ever seen any workmen display in all his life before. He marvelled that Mr. Britling lit his house with acetylene and not electric light. He thought fresh eggs were insanely dear, and his opinion of Matching's Easy pig-keeping was uncomplimentary. The roads, he said, were not a means of getting from place to place, they were a *dédale*; he drew derisive maps with his finger on the table-cloth of the lane system about the Dower House. He was astonished that there was no Café in Matching's Easy; he declared that the "public house," to which

he went with considerable expectation, was no public house at all; it was just a sly place for drinking beer. . . . All these things Mr. Britling might have remarked himself; from a Belgian refugee he found them intolerable.

He set himself to explain to Mr. Van der Pant, first, that these things did not matter in the slightest degree, the national attention, the national interest ran in other directions; and, secondly, that they were, as a matter of fact and on the whole, merits slightly disguised. He produced a pleasant theory that England is really not the Englishman's field, it is his breeding place, his resting place, a place not for efficiency but good humor. If Mr. Van der Pant were to make inquiries he would find there was scarcely a home in Matching's Easy that had not sent some energetic representative out of England to become one of the English of the world. England was the last place in which English energy was spent. These hedges, these dilatory roads, were full of associations. There was a road that turned aside near Market Saffron to avoid Turk's Wood; it had been called Turk's Wood first in the fourteenth century after a man of that name. He quoted Cherterton's happy verses to justify these winding lanes.

"The road turned first towards the left,
Where Perkin's quarry made the cleft;
The path turned next towards the right,
Because the mastiff used to bite. . . ."

And again:—

"And I should say they wound about
To find the town of Roundabout,
The merry town of Roundabout
That makes the world go round."

If our easy-going ways hampered a hard efficiency, they did at least develop humor and humanity. Our diplomacy at any rate had not failed us. . . .

He did not believe a word of this stuff. His deep irrational love for England made him say these things. . . . For years he had been getting himself into hot water because he had been writing and hinting just such criticisms as Mr. Van der Pant expressed so bluntly. . . . But he wasn't going to accept foreign help in dissecting his mother. . . .

And another curious effect that Mr. Van der Pant had upon Mr. Britling was to produce an obstinate confidence about the war and the nearness of the German collapse. He would promise Mr. Van der Pant that he should be back in Antwerp before May; that the Germans would be over the Rhine by July. He knew perfectly well that his ignorance of all the military conditions was unqualified, but still he could not restrain himself from this kind of thing so soon as he began to speak *Entente Cordiale*—Anglo-French, that is to say. Something in his relationship to Mr. Van der Pant obliged him to be acutely and absurdly the protecting British. . . . At times he felt like a conscious bankrupt talking off the hour of disclosure. But indeed all that Mr. Britling was trying to say against the difficulties of a strange language and an alien temperament, was that the honor of England would never be cleared until Belgium was restored and avenged. . . .

While Mr. Britling was patrolling unimportant roads and entertaining Mr. Van der Pant with discourses upon the nearness of victory and the subtle estimableness of all that was indolent, wasteful, and evasive in English life, the war was passing from its first swift phases into a slower, grimmer struggle. The German retreat ended at the Aisne, and the long out-flanking manoeuvres of both hosts towards the Channel began. The English attempts to assist Belgium in October came too late for the preservation of Antwerp, and after a long and complicated struggle in Flanders the British failed to outflank the German right, lost Ghent, Menin, and the Belgian coast, but held Ypres and beat back every attempt of the enemy to reach Dunkirk and Calais. Meanwhile the smaller German colonies and islands were falling to the Navy, the Australian battleship "Sydney" smashed the "Emden" at Cocos Island, and the British naval disaster of Coronel was wiped out by the battle of the Falklands. The Russians were victorious upon their left and took Lemberg,

and after some vicissitudes of fortune advanced to Przemyśl, occupying the larger part of Galicia; but the disaster of Tannenberg had broken their progress in East Prussia, and the Germans were pressing towards Warsaw. Turkey had joined the war, and suffered enormous losses in the Caucasus. The Dardanelles had been shelled for the first time, and the British were at Basra on the Euphrates.

§ 11.

The Christmas of 1914 found England, whose landscape had hitherto been almost as peaceful and soldierless as Massachusetts, already far gone along the path of transformation into a country full of soldiers and munition makers and military supplies. The soldiers came first, on the well-known and greatly admired British principle of "first catch your hare" and then build your kitchen. Always before, Christmas had been a time of much gaiety and dressing up and prancing and two-stepping at the Dower House, but this year everything was too uncertain to allow of any gathering of guests. Hugh got leave for the day after Christmas, but Teddy was tied; and Cissie and Letty went off with the small boy to take lodgings near him. The Van der Pants had hoped to see an English Christmas at Matching's Easy, but within three weeks of Christmas Day Mr. Van der Pant found a job that he could do in Nottingham, and carried off his family. The two small boys cheered their hearts with paper decorations, but the Christmas Tree was condemned as too German, and it was discovered that Santa Claus had suddenly become Old Father Christmas again. The small boys discovered that the price of lead soldiers had risen, and were unable to buy electric torches, on which they had set their hearts. There was to have been a Christmas party at Claverings, but at the last moment Lady Homartyn had to hurry off to an orphan nephew who had been seriously wounded near Ypres, and the light of Claverings was darkened.

Soon after Christmas there were rumors of an impending descent of the Headquarters Staff of the South-Eastern Army upon Claverings. Then Mr. Britling found Lady Homartyn back from France, and very indignant because after all the Headquarters were to go to Lady Wensleydale at Ladyholt. It was, she felt, a reflection upon Claverings. Lady Homartyn became still more indignant when presently the new armies, which were gathering now all over England like floods in a low-lying meadow, came pouring into the parishes about Claverings to the extent of a battalion and a Territorial battery. Mr. Britling heard of their advent only a day or two before they arrived; there came a bright young officer with an orderly, billeting; he was much exercised to get, as he expressed it several times, a quart into a pint bottle. He was greatly pleased with the barn. He asked the size of it and did calculations. He could "stick twenty-five men into it—easy." It would go far to solve his problems. He could manage without coming into the house at all. It was a ripping place. "No end."

"But beds," said Mr. Britling.

"Lord! they don't want *beds*," said the young officer. . . .

The whole Britling family, who were lamenting the loss of their Belgians, welcomed the coming of the twenty-five with great enthusiasm. It made them feel that they were doing something useful once more. For three days Mrs. Britling had to feed her new lodgers—the kitchen motors had as usual gone astray—and she did so in a style that made their boastings about their billet almost insufferable to the rest of their battery. The billeting allowance at that time was ninepence a head, and Mr. Britling, ashamed of making a profit out of his country, supplied not only generous firing and lighting, but unlimited cigarettes, cards and games, illustrated newspapers, a cocoa supper with such little surprises as sprats and jam roly-poly, and a number of more incidental comforts. The men arrived fasting under the command of two very sage middle-aged corporals, and responded to Mrs. Britling's hospitalities by a number of good resolutions, many of

which they kept. They never made noises after half-past ten, or at least only now and then when a sing-song broke out with unusual violence; they got up and went out at five or six in the morning without a sound; they were almost inconveniently helpful with washing-up and tidying round.

In quite a little time Mrs. Britling's mind had adapted itself to the spectacle of half-a-dozen young men in khaki breeches and shirts performing their toilets in and about her scullery, or improvising an unsanctioned game of football between the hockey goals. These men were not the miscellaneous men of the new armies; they were the earlier Territorial type with no heroics about them; they came from the midlands; and their two middle-aged corporals kept them well in hand and ruled them like a band of brothers. But they had an illegal side, that developed in directions that set Mr. Britling theorizing. They seemed, for example, to poach by nature, as children play and sing. They possessed a promiscuous white dog. They began to add rabbits to their supper menu, unaccountable rabbits. One night there was a mighty smell of frying fish from the kitchen, and the cook reported trout. "Trout!" said Mr. Britling to one of the corporals; "now where did you chaps get trout?"

The "fisherman," they said, had got them with a hair noose. They produced the fisherman, of whom they were manifestly proud. It was, he explained, a method of fishing he had learnt when in New York Harbor. He had been a stoker. He displayed a confidence in Mr. Britling that made that gentleman an accessory after his offence, his very serious offence against pre-war laws and customs. It was plain that the trout were the trout that Mr. Pumshock, the stockbroker and amateur gentleman, had preserved so carefully in the Easy. Hitherto the countryside had been forced to regard Mr. Pumshock's trout with an almost superstitious respect. A year ago young Snooker had done a month for one of those very trout. But now things were different.

"But I don't really fancy fresh-water fish," said the fisherman. "It's just the ketchin' of 'em I like. . . ."

And a few weeks later the trumpeter, an angel-faced freckled child with deep blue eyes, brought in a dozen partridge eggs which he wanted Mary to cook for him. . . .

The domesticity of the sacred birds, it was clear, was no longer safe in England. . . .

Then again the big guns would go swinging down the road and into Claverings park, and perform various exercises with commendable smartness and a profound disregard for Lady Homartyn's known objection to any departure from the public footpath. . . .

And one afternoon as Mr. Britling took his constitutional walk, a reverie was set going in his mind by the sight of a neglected-looking pheasant with a white collar. The world of Matching's Easy was getting full now of such elderly birds. Would that go on again after the war! He imagined his son Hugh as a grandfather, telling the little ones about parks and preserves, and game laws, and footmen and butlers, and the marvellous game of golf, and how, suddenly, Mars came tramping through the land in khaki and all these things faded and vanished, so that presently it was discovered they were gone. . . .

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN THE WEB OF THE INEFFECTIVE.

§ 1.

Hugh's letters were becoming a very important influence upon Mr. Britling's thought. Hugh had always been something of a letter-writer, and now what was perhaps an inherited desire to set things down was manifest. He had been accustomed to decorate his letters from school with absurd little sketches—sometimes his letters had been all sketches—and now he broke from drawing to writing and back to drawing in a way that pleased his father mightily. The father loved this queer trick of caricature; he did not possess

it himself, and so it seemed to him the most wonderful of all Hugh's little equipment of gifts. Mr. Britling used to carry these letters about until their edges got grimy; he would show them to anyone he felt capable of appreciating their youthful freshness; he would quote them as final and conclusive evidence to establish this or that. He did not dream how many thousands of mothers and fathers were treasuring such documents. He thought other sons were dull young men by comparison with Hugh.

The earlier letters told much of the charms of discipline and the open air. "All the bother about what one has to do with oneself is over," wrote Hugh. "One has disposed of oneself. That has the effect of a great relief. Instead of telling oneself that one ought to get up in the morning, a bugle tells you that. . . . And there's no nonsense about it, no chance of lying and arguing about it with oneself. . . . I begin to see the sense of men going into monasteries and putting themselves under rules. One is carried along in a sort of moral automobile instead of trudging the road. . . ."

And he was also sounding new physical experiences.

"Never before," he declared, "have I known what fatigue is. It's a miraculous thing. One drops down in one's clothes on any hard old thing and sleeps. . . ."

And in his early letters he was greatly exercised by the elementary science of drill and discipline, and the discussion of whether these things were necessary. He began by assuming that their importance was overrated. He went on to discover that they constituted the very essentials of all good soldiering. "In a crisis," he concluded, "there is no telling what will get hold of a man, his higher instincts or his lower. He may show courage of a very splendid sort—or a hasty discretion. A habit is much more trustworthy than an instinct. So discipline sets up a habit of steady and courageous bearing. If you keep your head you are at liberty to be splendid. If you lose it, the habit will carry you through."

The young man was also very profound upon the effects of the suggestion of various exercises upon the mind.

"It is surprising how bloodthirsty one feels in a bayonet charge. We have to shout; we are encouraged to shout. The effect is to paralyze one's higher centres. One ceases to question—anything. One becomes a 'bayoneteer.' As I go bounding forward I imagine fat men, succulent men ahead, and I am filled with the desire to do them in neatly. This sort of thing—"

A sketch of slaughter followed, with a large and valiant Hugh leaving a train of fallen behind him.

"Not like this. This is how I used to draw it in my innocent childhood, but it is incorrect. More than one German on the bayonet at a time is an encumbrance. And it would be swank—a thing we detest in the army."

The second sketch showed the same brave hero with half a dozen of the enemy skewered like cat's-meat.

"As for the widows and children, I disregard 'em."

§ 2.

But presently Hugh began to be bored.

"Route marching again," he wrote. "For no earthly reason than that they can do nothing else with us. We are getting no decent musketry training because there are no rifles. We are wasting half our time. If you multiply half a week by the number of men in the army you will see we waste centuries weekly. . . . If most of these men here had just been enrolled and left to go about their business while we trained officers and instructors and got equipment for them, and if they had then been put through their paces as rapidly as possible, it would have been infinitely better for the country. . . . In a sort of way we are keeping raw; in a sort of way we are getting stale. . . . I get irritated by this. I feel we are not being properly done by."

"Half our men are educated men, reasonably educated, but we are always being treated as though we were too stupid for words. . . ."

"No good grouching, I suppose, but after States-

minster and a glimpse of old Cardinal's way of doing things, one gets a kind of toothache in the mind at the sight of everything being done twice as slowly and half as well as it need be."

He went off at a tangent to describe the men in his platoon. "The best man in our lot is an ex-grocer's assistant, but in order to save us from vain generalizations it happens that the worst man—a moon-faced creature, almost incapable of lacing-up his boots without help and oburgation—is also an ex-grocer's assistant. Our most offensive member is a little cad with a snub nose, who has read Kipling and imagines he is the nearest thing that ever has been to Private Ortheris. He goes about looking for the other two of the Soldiers Three; it is rather like an unpopular politician trying to form a Ministry. And he is conscientiously foul-mouthed. He feels losing a chance of saying 'bloody' as acutely as a snob feels dropping an H. He goes back sometimes and says the sentence over again and puts the 'bloody' in. I used to swear a little out of the range of your parental ear, but Ortheris has cured me. When he is about I am mincing in my speech. I perceive now that cursing is a way of chewing one's own dirt. In a platoon there is no elbow-room for indifference; you must either love or hate. I have a feeling that my first taste of battle will not be with Germans, but with Private Ortheris. . . ."

And one letter was just a picture, a parody of the well-known picture of the bivouac below and the soldier's dream of return to his beloved above. But Master Hugh in the dream was embracing an enormous retort, while a convenient galvanometer registered his emotion and little tripods danced around him.

§ 3.

Then came a letter which plunged abruptly into criticism.

"My dear Parent,—This is a swearing letter. I must let go to somebody. And somehow none of the other chaps are convenient. I don't know if I ought to be put against a wall and shot for it, but I hereby declare that all the officers of this battalion over and above the rank of captain are a constellation of incapables—and several of the captains are herewith included. Some of them are men of a pleasant disposition and carefully aborted mental powers, and some are men of an unpleasant disposition and no mental powers at all. And I believe—a little enlightened by your recent letter to the 'Times'—that they are a fair sample of the entire 'army' class which has got to win this war. Usually they are indolent, but when they are thoroughly roused they are fussy. The time they should spend in enlarging their minds and increasing their military efficiency they devote to keeping fit. They are, roughly speaking, fit for—nothing. They cannot move us thirty miles without getting half of us left about, without losing touch with food and shelter and starving us for thirty-six hours or so in the process, and they cannot count beyond the fingers of one hand, not having learnt to use the nose for arithmetical operations. . . . I conclude this war is going to be a sort of Battle of Inker-man on a large scale. We chaps in the ranks will have to do the job. Leading is 'off.' . . ."

"All of this, my dear Parent, is just a blow off. I have been needlessly starved, and fagged to death and exasperated. We have moved five-and-twenty miles across country—in fifty-seven hours. And without food for about eighteen hours. I have been with my Captain, who has been billeting us here in Cheasingholt. Oh, he is a MUFF! Oh, God! oh, God of Heaven! what a MUFF! He is afraid of printed matter, but he controls himself heroically. He prides himself upon having no 'sense of locality, confound it!' Prides himself! He went about this village, which is a little dispersed, at a slight trot, and wouldn't avail himself of the one-inch map I happened to have. He judged the capacity of each room with his eye, and wouldn't let me measure, even with God's own paces. Not with the legs I inherit. 'We'll put five fellahs hea!' he said. 'What d'you want to measure the room for? We haven't come to lay down carpats.' Then, having assigned men by *coup d'œil*, so as to congest half

the village miserably, he found the other half unoccupied and had to begin all over again. 'If you measured the floor space first, sir,' I said, 'and made a list of the houses—' 'That isn't the way I'm going to do it,' he said, fixing me with a pitiless eye. . . .

"That isn't the way they are going to do it, Daddy! The sort of thing that is done over here in the green army will be done over there in the dry. They won't be in time; they'll lose their guns where now they lose our kitchens. I'm a mute soldier; I've got to do what I'm told; still, I begin to understand the Battle of Neuve Chapelle.

"They say the relations of men and officers in the New Army are beautiful. Some day I may learn to love my officer—but not just yet. Not till I've forgotten the operations leading up to the occupation of Cheasingholt. . . . He muffs his real job without a blush, and yet he would rather be shot than do his bootlaces up criss-cross. What I say about officers applies only and solely to him really. . . . How well I understand now the shooting of officers by their men! . . . But, indeed, fatigue and exasperation apart, this shift has been done atrociously. . . ."

The young man returned to these criticisms in a later letter.

"You will think I am always carping, but it does seem to me that nearly everything is being done here in the most wasteful way possible. We waste time, we waste labor; we waste material; oh, Lord! how we waste our country's money. These aren't, I can assure you, the opinions of a conceited young man. It's nothing to be concealed about. . . . We're bored to death by standing about this infernal little village. There is nothing to do—except trail after a small number of slatternly young women we despise and hate. I don't, Daddy. And I don't drink. Why have I inherited no vices? We had a fight here yesterday—sheer boredom. Ortheris has a swollen lip, and another private has a bad black eye. There is to be a return match. I perceive the chief horror of warfare is boredom. . . ."

"Our feeding here is typical of the whole system. It is a system invented not with any idea of getting the best results—that does not enter into the War Office philosophy—but to have a rule for everything, and avoid arguments. There is rather too generous an allowance of bread and stuff per man, and there is a very fierce but not very efficient system of weighing and checking. A rather too generous allowance is, of course, a direct incentive to waste or stealing—as anyone but our silly old duffer of a War Office would know. The checking is for quantity, which any fool can understand, rather than for quality. The test for the quality of army meat is the smell. If it doesn't smell bad, it is good. . . ."

"Then the raw material is handed over to a cook. He is a common soldier who has been made into a cook by a simple ceremony. He is told, 'You are a cook.' He does his best to be. Usually he roasts or bakes to begin with, guessing when the joint is done, afterwards he hacks up what is left of his joints and makes a stew for next day. A stew is hacked meat boiled up in a big pot. It has much fat floating on the top. After you have eaten your fill you want to sit about quiet. The men are fed usually in a large tent or barn. We have a barn. It is not a clean barn, and just to make it more like a picnic there are insufficient plates, knives, and forks. (I tell you, no army people can count beyond eight or ten.) The corporals after their morning's work have to carve. When they have done carving they tell me they feel they have had enough dinner. They sit about looking pale, and wander off afterwards to the village pub. (I shall probably become a corporal soon.) In these islands before the war began there was a surplus of women over men of about a million. (See the publications of the Fabian Society, now so popular among the young.) None of these women have been trusted by the Government with the difficult task of cooking and giving out food to our soldiers. No man of the ordinary soldier class ever cooks anything until he is a soldier. . . . All food left over after the

stew or otherwise rendered uneatable by the cook is thrown away. We throw away pail-loads. *We bury meat.* . . .

"Also we get three pairs of socks. We work pretty hard. We don't know how to darn socks. When the heels wear through, come blisters. Bad blisters disable a man. Of the million of surplus women (see above) the Government has not had the intelligence to get any to darn our socks. So a certain percentage of us go lame. And so on. And so on.

"You will think all this is awful grousing, but the point I want to make—I hereby, to ease my feelings, make it now in a fair round hand—is that all this business could be done far better and far cheaper if it wasn't left to these absolutely inexperienced and extremely exclusive military gentlemen. They think they are leading England and showing us all how; instead of which they are just keeping us back. Why in thunder are they doing everything? Not one of them, when he is at home, is allowed to order the dinner or poke his nose into his own kitchen or check the household books. . . . The ordinary British colonel is a helpless old gentleman; he ought to have a nurse. . . . This is not merely the trivial grievance of my insulted stomach, it is a serious matter for the country. Sooner or later the country may want the food that is being wasted in all these capers. In the aggregate it must amount to a daily destruction of tons of stuff of all sorts. Tons. . . . Suppose the war lasts longer than we reckon!"

From this point Hugh's letter jumped to a general discussion of the military mind.

"Our officers are beastly good chaps, nearly all of them. That's where the perplexity of the whole thing comes in. If only they weren't such good chaps! If only they were like the Prussian officers to their men, then we'd just take on a revolution as well as the war, and make everything tidy at once. But they are decent, they are charming. . . . Only they do not think hard, and they do not understand that doing a job properly means doing it as directly and thought-outly as you possibly can. They won't worry about things. If their tempers were worse perhaps their work might be better. They won't use maps or time-tables or books of reference. When we move to a new place they pick up what they can about it by hearsay; not one of our lot has the gumption to possess a contoured map or a Michelin guide. They have hearsay minds. They are fussy and petty and wasteful—and, in the way of getting things done, pretentious. By their code they're paragons of honor. Courage—they're all right about that; no end of it; honesty, truthfulness, and so on—high. They have a kind of horsey standard of smartness and pluck, too, that isn't bad, and they have a fine horror of whiskers and being unbuttoned. But the mistake they make is to class thinking with whiskers, as a sort of fussy sidegrowth. Instead of classing it with unbuttonedness. They hate economy. And preparation. . . ."

"They won't see that inefficiency is a sort of dishonesty. If a man doesn't steal sixpence, they think it a light matter if he wastes half-a-crown. Here follows wisdom! *From the point of view of a nation at war, sixpence is just a fifth part of half-a-crown.* . . ."

"When I began this letter I was boiling with indignation, complicated, I suspect, by this morning's 'stew'; now I have written thus far I feel I'm an ungenerous grumbler. . . . It is remarkable, my dear Parent, that I let off these things to you. I like writing to you. I couldn't possibly say the things I can write. Heinrich had a confidential friend at Breslau to whom he used to write about his Soul. I never had one of those Teutonic friendships. And I haven't got a Soul. But I have to write. One must write to someone—and in this place there is nothing else to do. And now the old lady downstairs is turning down the gas; she always does at half-past ten. She didn't ought. She gets—ninepence each. Excuse the pencil. . . ."

That letter ended abruptly. The next two were brief and cheerful. Then suddenly came a new note.

"We've got rifles! We're real armed soldiers at last. Every blessed man has got a rifle. And they come

from Japan! They are of a sort of light wood that is like new oak and art furniture, and makes one feel that one belongs to the First Garden Suburb Regiment; but I believe much can be done with linseed oil. And they are real rifles, they go bang. We are a little light-headed about them. Only our training and discipline prevent our letting fly at incautious spectators on the skyline. I saw a man yesterday about half a mile off. I was possessed by the idea that I could get him—right in the middle. . . . Ortheris, the little beast, has got a motor-bicycle, which he calls his 'b—y oto'—no one knows why—and only death or dishonorable conduct will save me, I gather, from becoming a corporal in the course of the next month. . . ."

§ 4.

Mr. Britling, with an understanding much quickened by Hugh's letters, went about Essex in his automobile, and on one or two journeys into Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, and marked the steady conversion of the old pacific countryside into an armed camp. He was disposed to minimize Hugh's criticisms. He found in them something of the harshness of youth, which is far too keen-edged to be tolerant with half performance and our poor human evasion of perfection's overstrain. "Our poor human evasion of perfection's overstrain"; this phrase was Mr. Britling's. To Mr. Britling, looking less closely and more broadly, the new army was a pride and a marvel.

He liked to come into some quiet village and note the clusters of sturdy khaki-clad youngsters going about their business, the tethered horses, the air of subdued bustle, the occasional glimpses of guns and ammunition trains. Wherever one went now there were soldiers and still more soldiers. There was a steady flow of men into Flanders, and presently to Gallipoli, but it seemed to have no effect upon the multitude in training at home. He was pleasantly excited by the evident increase in the proportion of military material upon the railways; he liked the promise and mystery of the long lines of trucks bearing tarpaulin-covered wagons and carts and guns that he would pass on his way to Liverpool Street Station. He could apprehend defeat in the silence of the night, but when he saw the men, when he went about the land, then it was impossible to believe in any end but victory. . . .

But through the spring and summer there was no victory. The "great offensive" of May was checked and abandoned after a series of ineffective and very costly attacks between Ypres and Soissons. The Germans had developed a highly scientific defensive in which machine-guns replaced rifles and a maximum of punishment was inflicted upon an assaulting force with a minimum of human loss. The War Office had never thought much of machine-guns before, but now it thought a good deal. Moreover, the energies of Britain were being turned more and more towards the Dardanelles.

The idea of an attack upon the Dardanelles had a traditional attractiveness for the British mind. Old men had been brought up from childhood with "forcing the Dardanelles" as a familiar phrase; it had none of the flighty novelty and vulgarity about it that made an "aerial offensive" seem so unwarrantable a proceeding. Forcing the Dardanelles was historically British. It made no break with tradition. Soon after Turkey entered the war British submarines appeared in the Sea of Marmora, and in February a systematic bombardment of the Dardanelles began; this was continued intermittently for a month, the defenders profiting by their experiences and by spells of bad weather to strengthen their works. This first phase of the attack culminated in the loss of the "Irresistible," "Ocean," and "Bouvet," when on the 17th of March the attacking fleet closed in upon the Narrows. After an interlude of six weeks to allow of further preparations on the part of the defenders, who were now thoroughly alive to what was coming, the Allied armies gathered upon the scene, and a difficult and costly landing was achieved at two points upon the peninsula of Gallipoli. With that began a slow and bloody siege of the defences of the Dardanelles, clambering up to the surprise landing of a fresh British army in Suvla Bay in

August, and its failure in the battle of Anafarta, through incompetent commanders and a general sloppiness of leading, to cut off and capture Maidos and the Narrows defences. . . . Meanwhile, the Russian hosts, which had reached their high-water mark in the capture of Przemyśl, were being forced back, first in the south and then in the north. The Germans recaptured Lemberg, entered Warsaw, and pressed on to take Brest Litowsk. The Russian lines rolled back with an impressive effect of defeat, and the Germans thrust towards Riga and Petrograd, reaching Vilna about the middle of September. . . .

Day after day Mr. Britling traced the swaying fortunes of the conflict, with impatience, with perplexity, but with no loss of confidence in the ultimate success of Britain. The country was still swarming with troops, and still under summer sunshine. A second hay harvest redeemed the scantiness of the first, the wheat crops were wonderful, and the great fig tree at the corner of the Dower House had never borne so bountifully nor such excellent juicy figs. . . .

And one day in early June while those figs were still only a hope, Teddy appeared at the Dower House with Letty, to say good-bye before going to the front. He was going out in a draft to fill up various gaps and losses; he did not know where. Essex was doing well but bloodily over there. Mrs. Britling had tea set out upon the lawn under the blue cedar, and Mr. Britling found himself at a loss for appropriate sayings, and talked in his confusion almost as though Teddy's departure was of no significance at all. He was still haunted by that odd sense of responsibility for Teddy. Teddy was not nearly so animated as he had been in his pre-khaki days; there was a quiet exaltation in his manner rather than a lively excitement. He knew now what he was in for. He knew now that war was not a lark, that for him it was to be the gravest experience he had ever had or was likely to have. There were no more jokes about Letty's pension, and a general avoidance of the topic of high explosives and asphyxiating gas. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Britling took the young people to the gate.

"Good luck!" cried Mr. Britling as they receded. Teddy replied with a wave of the hand.

Mr. Britling stood watching them for some moments as they walked towards the little cottage which was to be the scene of their private parting.

"I don't like his going," he said. "I hope it will be all right with him. . . . Teddy's so grave nowadays. It's a mean thing, I know; it has none of the Roman touch, but I am glad that this can't happen with Hugh —" He computed. "Not for a year and three months, even if they march him into it upon his very birthday. . . ."

"It may all be over by then. . . ."
(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

CONDITIONS OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems impossible that even this war will make the desire of every nation for an enduring peace prevail over the determination of each to make its own position secure against the rest—the very determination which has so often been the cause of war. The writer of the first of your articles on the terms of peace, for instance, makes nationality the foundation upon which reconstructed Europe is to stand firm; yet whenever that principle appears to conflict with the interest or security of any of the Allies, he forsakes it. So Russia is to hold Constantinople, not because it is Russia, but because (a) her possession of it would not conflict with British interests; (b) if she takes it by force of arms, the task of ejecting her would be too difficult; (c) she wants it. These reasons are almost frankly cynical; yet cynicism is, no doubt, far from the writer's mind. He merely, like others, expects all to be content with terms of peace biased in favor of some.

Would it not be better frankly to admit that Great Britain intends to dominate, or supervise, the world, and to justify her supervision on the ground that, like the supervision of a benevolent policeman, it is tolerant of others, and will allow each nation to develop its own culture and individuality in its own way, which the domination of Germany would never do? What argument but this will justify our retention, when the war is over, of that which one may be sure that we never shall forego—the command of the sea?

Until the far-off day when mutual suspicion is dead throughout the world, and the brotherhood of nations is a fact instead of a remote ideal, it is only by overwhelming, if latent force, concentrated in one hand, that peace can be long preserved; let that hand be ours, but let us be honest about it.—Yours, &c.,

August 28th, 1916.

H. B.

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the article, "New Wine in Old Bottles," quite unwittingly, I am sure, but none the less damagingly for that, so completely misrepresents the position of the authors of the book "Faith or Fear?" with which his article deals, that I must humbly crave space to correct his misapprehension. He has really read into that book a conception of Catholicism which is wholly Roman and wholly foreign to the minds of the authors—who are only concerned to plead for a Catholicism which shall be entirely inclusive of all that is good in every form of the Christian Church, and, indeed, of all that is good in life. To their minds the older Catholicism has failed simply because, and in so far as, it has not been true to its name. It has been exclusive and controversial, instead of inclusive and charitable, and they would maintain with a recent brilliant writer that "A Catholicism which is controversial is only another form of Protestantism." They believe that Liberal Catholicism and Liberal Protestantism, of the older types, are both of them equally out of date. But they believe that the spiritual values of both can be retained in the Church; and, since it is ridiculous to attempt to start Christianity *de novo* in the twentieth century, must be so retained if the Church is to survive as a power in the national life. No one, I think, would gather this impression of our book from THE NATION's account of it, kindly though that account is, and interesting as are the reflections of its writer.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS
(Editor of "Faith or Fear?").

The Vicarage, St. Peter's-in-Thanel.
August 30th, 1916.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As actual cases are often more illuminating than general argument, a summary account of the progress of my claim for exemption from military service may interest some of your readers, and shed some light upon the working of conscription. In February I sent in a claim for absolute exemption on conscientious grounds. At that time I was a publisher's editor, but had already taken the preliminary steps to change my career, even at the age of thirty-eight, and enter a Unitarian College in preparation for the ministry. By the time my case was called before the local tribunal at Glasgow, near the end of March, I had been offered and had accepted an appointment as Minister-in-charge of a small Unitarian church until my entry into college, and the Scottish Unitarian Association claimed my exemption as a minister. The local tribunal dismissed the conscience claim practically unheard and with the utmost contempt, and they also dismissed the other claim after a very unsatisfactory hearing. I appealed on both grounds, and my appeal was heard at Glasgow before the Sheriff's Appeal Tribunal on June 19th. By that time I had been on duty as a Unitarian minister for two-and-a-half months, and I was exempted as a minister under the First Schedule of the Act. The military representative, however, was granted leave to

appeal, because he maintained that I did not come under the First Schedule owing to the fact that my formal appointment was subsequent to the passing of the Act. The Central Tribunal held that it was not within the competence of the Appeal Tribunal to decide this question of ministerial status, that being a matter for a civil court. Accordingly, the Appeal Tribunal re-heard my case on July 6th, and my conscience claim was gone into at great length. I completely satisfied the tribunal of my absolute conscientious objection to having any part whatever, either direct or indirect, in warfare, but, nevertheless, I was granted exemption only on condition of finding within twenty-one days work useful for the prosecution of the war, but not under military control.

On July 27th I again appeared before the tribunal to report on this. I submitted a statement asking that, in the exceptional circumstances of my case, my present work should be recognized for the purposes of their decision. I pointed out that its national importance had been recognized by Parliament in the most emphatic way by the exclusion of ministers from the Act altogether, and I also pointed out that I had made a recent change of my lifelong occupation at considerable financial sacrifice in order to increase my usefulness to the nation. The tribunal refused to look at this request, and insisted on an offer of work useful for the prosecution of the war. I refused this, on the ground that, as an absolute Conscientious Objector, I could not do anything to promote the prosecution of the war, and also on the ground that I could best render service to the nation by continuing in my present occupation. Thereupon my exemption was made from combatant service only.

I have thus established my case on both grounds, conscience and ministerial status. The decision on the latter, however, has been ruled incompetent, not wrong; and the decision on the former has not led to the exemption intended by the Act.—Yours, &c.,

W. M.

Kirkcaldy, August 28th, 1916.

WAR OFFICE PSYCHOLOGY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the early days of the war men wondered at German psychology. Can it be that the defects were not specially German, but rather inherent in the military mind? For the final resolve of the War Office with regard to the Conscientious Objector would appear to be that if his conscience goes so far as to render him unable to countenance war, even indirectly, he must be sent into the Army so that his convictions may be suppressed by methods which the civil law forbids. But will it succeed? Will you let me quote words by such a man now awaiting his fate? He writes from confinement to his father, in reply to a letter expressing the family's deep anxiety, and says:—

"I have taken my course, not because others have taken it, but because a still, small voice of authority comes to me from the mysterious depths within, and says: 'Go!' To disobey will be to suffer as the damned suffer in Hell. To obey will be to suffer too, but to suffer as they 'who suffer for Christ's sake,' which is Heaven. . . . So much responsibility rests upon those of us who have been given the power to see and go forward. We cannot go past our strength; but, Oh, the misery of stopping when we might go further! . . . Let us rejoice in our strength, the grandeur of our hope, and the dawn-streaks that shine out ahead. Don't think of me as being anything else but deeply glad at heart in what I do: keep all your strength to keep your own dear hearts as happy and hopeful as possible. . . . Oh, the joy of it, almost too great to bear! To be together again; the old life folding us tenderly round after this bitter period of parting. To be free; the fields, and hills, and books, and skies, and friendships, and home—open to us again; the future—open! The mind and soul no longer tortured by horrors too hellish for the eyes of beasts, let alone the spirits of men and women. And within, in those mysterious depths, the still, small voice singing always: 'Thou hast fought the good fight, thou hast kept the faith.'"

It would be inhuman not to intervene, but the cause for which such a man stands would be best helped by letting torture try its worst: the fires of the Inquisition, the bowl of hemlock, and the Cross have led to the greatest victories the world has known.—Yours, &c.,

THEODORE NEILD.

Grange Court, Leominster. August 30th, 1916.

FORCED MILITARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Professor Grant has every right to introduce entirely fresh matter into this discussion; but he has no right to add "by methods different from those which Mr. Coulton employs." Sixteen years ago I dealt with the moral effect of the Swiss compulsory military system in a pamphlet which is still in print ("A Strong Army in a Free State," Simpkin). There, instead of generalizing from a single instance, as Professor Grant now does, I print the considered judgment of Swiss citizens of many different classes and political creeds, the gist of which is that military service in Switzerland involves no moral dangers beyond those inseparable from a youth's first introduction to real life away from home, *e.g.*, at a public school or at the university. I would quote many cases of downfall at school or college as sad as that which Professor Grant quotes from the Army. And perhaps you will allow me to cite, as my last word in this discussion, two facts which need to be weighed against Professor Grant's objection. The first is the enormous disproportion of venereal diseases in professional armies. Even a pacifist like Dr. Starr Jordan prints tables showing that the percentage in British and American armies is more than double the percentage in conscript armies ("War and the Breed," 1915). The second is that last September, when I had to go to Paris, I travelled with five British soldiers, not one of whom was really sober. A Swiss in the train remarked to me: "In Switzerland, if a soldier is ever seen drunk in uniform, it is the civilian's duty to report him to the nearest officer or policeman." M. Albert Mechelynck, the Radical leader, who had so much to do with shaping the Compulsory Service Law for Belgium, assured me in the spring of 1914 that the nationalization of the Army had had a marvellous effect in raising the tone of barrack-life. These facts, with many more, I hope soon to publish in book form. Meanwhile, I entreat all fair-minded readers to weigh them against the contrary considerations which are so often cited.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Thurlestone, S. Devon. August 28th, 1916.

THE LILLE DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I observe that Captain Bennett challenges in your columns Mr. Haynes's assertion that the Germans have taken women from Lille for purposes of prostitution in the trenches. As that statement has, so far as I know, been made in this country—at any rate, in so many words—only in the paper for which I am responsible, and as Mr. Haynes is a contributor to that paper and may possibly have seen it there, I ask you to give me the opportunity of accepting full responsibility for it. It is the fact.

The French military authorities are, I believe, fully informed, and are seeking to identify those responsible. I imagine that our Government is also informed, though it seems for some reason curiously unwilling that the abominable truth should be published. That is why I published it.

May I point out to Mr. Bennett that at the beginning of the war there was some excuse for doubting mere rumor in regard to German atrocities, for in the ordinary way such rumors are often exaggerations of the truth? But we know by the result of a full and very prudent investigation of the Belgian horrors that where our present enemies are concerned such rumors almost always fall short of the truth—which is usually too filthy for reproduction.

As for chapter and verse, I cannot, of course, give it. But I believe exact evidence on the point to be in existence; but I suggest that some Member of Parliament might well ask the Foreign Secretary whether he is aware of the existence of such evidence, and, if he should repudiate any knowledge of it, whether he has consulted the French Government on the matter.—Yours, &c.,

CECIL CHESTERTON
(Editor "New Witness").

August 30th, 1916.

DUMPING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Hookham, in your issue of August 12th, asks what "dumping" really is.

May I give two quotations which may help to answer his query? The first is from M. Milloud's book (Professor of Sociology at Lausanne), entitled, "The Ruling Caste and Frenzied Trade in Germany":—

"Dumping," he says, "consists in selling at breakdown prices in order to defeat competition and seize the market. The Germans have, of deliberate purpose, set themselves systematically and hugely to exceed the requirements of their home market. They have set themselves to flood the markets of the world." And as an illustration he states that German ironmasters, in 1900, "made a profit of 1,200,000 M. in Germany, and lost 850,000 M. on their foreign sales."

My second quotation is from Sir William Ramsay (quoted in "The Nemesis of Docility," by E. Holmes). He says that German commerce, "like its army, has been supported by the State":—

"The plan has been to attack, in a methodical manner, some industry carried on outside of Germany. Heavy import duties are imposed on the article which they desire to manufacture; bounties are given on exports of the article; freights are reduced on its carriage; and the ships which convey it to foreign countries are subsidized. In course of time this tells; it becomes unprofitable for manufacturers in a free-trade country to compete with State-aided manufacture; prices fall, and after a struggle the manufacture is abandoned."

"Dumping," then may be said to be deliberate, systematic, state-aided over-production for the express purpose of killing another nation's industries and capturing its trade.

If the Free Trade system under which such unfair competition is made possible and flourishes is "natural," then I assert it is also "natural" to fight such competition by every means at one's disposal.—Yours, &c.,

C. M. HUDSON.

30, Foxholes Road, Southbourne.
August 30th, 1916.

Poetry.

BETRAYED.

YET in the old days, long ago, last year,
You liked no fun so well as acting Plays:
To step aside from just our usual ways,
And find a world where things are quaint and queer,
And people fare as comic wits devise,
Not tragic Fates; you amongst them much diverted
To lose yourself a while, be it shawled and skirted,
Or in Greek or Jap, Hindú or Hooligan wise.

Your triumph was if well you played a part,
Friends all confronting skilled in such disguise
As keenest sight and hearing mystifies;
Then, undetected, would you vaunt your Art.
And now, since you have gone far off from here,
And fun went with you, 'twould be strange if yonder
You played no more. So when that way I wander,
'Tis not yourself I'll look to see appear.

Perhaps some old, old crone, prone earthward stooping
In a halted dive; if up she peers, her face
Cranes back stiff-hinged, as from its shelly case
Pries forth a turtle's head. O'er a burden drooping,
Her ample cloak's spread broadens out a shape
Perplexing, till, her basket shown, she tries
To push her wares high-pipingly: who buys
Gauds, brass and glass, thread, pins, scent, studs, ink,
tape!

Or haply an Eastern Prince stalks on, fiend-proud,
Black-bearded, bronzed—your properties being fine—
With jewels outflashing frosty stars ashine
In a turban folded like a sunset cloud
Rose-creased; and deep in liquid azure skies
His silks seem dipped, that a big-pearled hail-shower
strews
And broiders—Prince or hag, or what you choose,
I'll know you by the laughter in your eyes.

JANE BARLOW.

The World of Books

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Divine Aspect of History." By J. R. Mozley. (Cambridge University Press. 2 vols. 36s. net.)
 "The End of a Chapter." By Shane Leslie. (Constable. 5s. net.)
 "Cloud and Silver." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
 "Non-Combatants and Others." By Rose Macaulay. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
 "Mike." By E. F. Benson. (Cassell. 6s.)

CRITICISM is continually extending its boundaries. I confess, however, that it was with some surprise I discovered that it has invaded the territory of the youthful if not exactly sprightly science of sociology. Some early results of this invasion are set forth in a treatise on "American Men of Letters: Their Nature and Nurture," by Dr. Edwin Leavitt Clarke, published by Messrs. P. S. King for the Columbia University Press. Dr. Clarke explains that the plan of his dissertation "was conceived in 1911, as a result of reading the fascinating pages of Professor Lester F. Ward's 'Applied Sociology.'" a work which was itself the outcome of M. Alfred Odin's "Genèse des Grands Hommes." Inspired by these models, Dr. Clarke has spent five years in collecting, examining, analyzing, cataloguing, summarizing, and tabulating every possible fact about a thousand American men of letters born since 1851, and his book gives the results of these manipulations, worked out to several places of decimals. It tells how many of them were members of large families and how many of small, of those who lived in a favorable "environmental condition," and of those who did not, of those whose religious training was directed by Hicksite Friends, and of those who professed the principles of the Seventh Day Baptists. It even gives a table of the "conjugal condition of men of letters, classified by period of birth, and by median number of children born to them." And all this toil brings him on the last page of his last chapter to "the final conclusion drawn from the data of this study, that while without natural ability no person achieves success, lack of opportunity may exercise an absolute veto on the aspirations of persons possessing such natural ability."

ONE might have thought that such a result was a poor compensation for so much labor; but there is one element in Dr. Clarke's research which is worth a little notice. He had to begin by determining who were the men of letters whose "environmental condition" he was to examine. They number, as I said, a thousand. Why a thousand, and what thousand? To answer this, Dr. Clarke had to lay down a criterion of literary values, and he has adopted one that is not only definite and easy to apply, but is, as he claims, scientific, in that it is quite independent of the personality of the investigator. I had better give it in the words of M. Alfred Odin, whom Dr. Clarke quotes with enthusiasm:—

"The importance of a book necessarily corresponds . . . to the success of the work. Consequently we must include in our list all men of letters whose success with the public is beyond question, and who are assured of not falling into oblivion by this very success. The only question is to know what is the most authentic criterion of success. We possess a criterion for men of letters which is relatively easy to ascertain, and whose value cannot be contested. It is simply the diffusion of their works."

"As a result of the method," Dr. Clarke adds, "the slightest good faith on the part of a student suffices for the attainment of objectivity." It does. Yet one begins to doubt the value of this "objectivity" when one considers some of its results. To what place are we to assign a work of which the London publishers furnished to one house 10,000 copies a day for about four weeks, and had to employ a thousand persons in preparing copies for the general demand; which within a couple of years had been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, Danish, Polish, and Magyar; which was dramatized in twenty forms, and acted in every capital in Europe? That book, of course, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work not without merit, but scarcely entitled to the place in the

hierarchy of letters that Dr. Clarke's criterion would give it.

"OBJECTIVITY" in criticism may be desirable, but the road to it is not so plain and easy as Dr. Clarke believes. The best seller is seldom the best literature, and the world is frequently mistaken in its judgments. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" may be a sound principle in theology; in the world of books it is exceedingly difficult to apply. Even the best critics are amazingly contradictory in their judgments. Take, for example, two such contemporaries as Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, and look at some of their estimates of books and men. Walpole thought Johnson had "neither taste nor ear, no criterion of judgment but his old woman's prejudices," yet both agreed that "Tristram Shandy" was poor stuff. Walpole thought Gray one of the greatest of English poets. Johnson's verdict was that Gray was "dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great." Walpole pronounced Swift's style to be excellent, though without grace. "Swift having been mentioned," says Boswell, "Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author. I wondered to hear him say of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 'When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.'" And Walpole's comment on the greatest of English biographers was: "Boswell's book is the story of a mountebank and his zany." Yet Byron could write of Walpole: "He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may."

VERDICTS such as these are too numerous to be regarded as mere perversities. Coleridge condemned Gibbon for "sacrificing all truth and reality" in his history, and added that the "Decline and Fall" has "proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome." Ruskin asserted that "any head clerk of a bank" could write a better history of Greece than Grote's. Swinburne spoke of the "fanfaronade and falsetto" of Gray, and held that any fairly good version of "Childe Harold" in French or Italian prose, was "a vast improvement" on the original. "The blundering, floundering, lumbering, and stumbling stanzas, transmuted into prose and transfigured into grammar, reveal the real and latent force of rhetorical energy that is in them: the grasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse has been transformed into really effective and fluent oratory." Another excellent example of the fallibility of criticism is found in the verdicts passed on Southey's poetry. Southey believed himself to be one of the greatest of English poets, and the view was shared by several of his contemporaries. "I am not such an ass," Scott wrote to him, "as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably for a time, the tide of popularity in my favor." And Lamb wrote to Coleridge: "On the whole, I expect Southey one day to rival Milton; I already deem him equal to Cowper, and superior to all living poets besides." This is doubly handsome, for Southey had complained that Lamb's essays lacked—of all things—"sound religious feeling."

MANY other examples will occur to every reader. Charlotte Brontë disliked Jane Austen, and Madame de Staël condemned the "commonness" of "Sense and Sensibility" and its successors. Borrow spoke of "Woodstock" as "tiresome, trashy, and unprincipled." Thackeray placed Cooper above Scott. Harriet Martineau found "Tom Jones" dull, and Wordsworth thought the same of Voltaire. Byron believed that Rogers and Griffiths were greater poets than Wordsworth and Coleridge. When we read these and other verdicts, we are forced to the conclusion that impressionism is at the bottom of all criticism, and that even when a man believes he is judging a piece of literature by the standard of the best that has been known and thought in the world, he is only judging it by his own impression of that standard. "We are shut up in our personality as if in a perpetual prison," says Anatole France. And he asks: "What would we not give to be able for a moment to see heaven and earth through the many-faceted eye of a fly, or to comprehend nature with the rude and simple brain of an orang-outang?"

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

WELFARE WORK.

"Welfare Work: Employers' Experiments for Improving Working Conditions in Factories." By E. DOROTHEA PROUD. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE development of public interest in "Welfare Work" suffers from two causes. The one is the name, which, as Miss Proud confesses, is unsatisfactory, although less unsatisfactory than its alternatives. To those unacquainted with the reality, this name often suggests the faddism and paternal meddling of a "cranky" employer, or the attempt to force standards upon the factory workers which are resented by the factory workers themselves. Examples of such efforts are given in this volume. One strike in a North of England town "was attributed to the fact that a social secretary objected to the girls wearing open-work stockings." In another case an employer, under the impression that "factory girls like bright colors," attempted to put them all into a "brilliant red uniform," with disastrous results. A well-meaning gentleman who employs several thousand workers, possibly with the best will in the world, converted their sport into an object of scorn by the means he has adopted to encourage it. "As a stimulus to members (of the Cricket Club) to take an interest in the welfare of the club, and as a reward for good play, Mr. X. gives one half-penny for each run scored from the bat, half-a-crown to any bowler who takes three wickets in any one innings, five shillings to the bowler who takes three wickets with successive balls, five shillings to the club funds for each win, and half-a-crown for a draw"; and so on, in a negation of any rational meaning of "sport." Again, the efforts to provide hostels for girls or housing accommodation for single men is often found to fail through similar efforts at interfering with individual liberty outside working hours. One firm relates that for accommodation in its projected hostel "there was not one single applicant out of over 600 girls employed, this being undoubtedly due to one of the rules making it imperative for the residents to be in by 9.30 p.m., unless they had special permission to be out later from the matron." Another firm which built a "Bachelors' Hall" for the accommodation of 100 men and provided four meals a day at a charge of 12s. 6d. per week, found there was but small demand for such accommodation. "This was attributed to the fact that no alcohol was to be taken into the building, and that the men must be in by 11 o'clock 'clean and sober.'" It is one of the attractions of Miss Proud's sane and attractive account of the possibilities of the humanization of industry in workshop and factory that she can emphasize so clearly the impossibility of these paternal and harassing regulations in the life of twentieth-century labor.

And the second cause of difficulty is less in the name than in the reality. It is due to the widespread distrust of welfare work and special considerate treatment in any particular factory amongst the workers themselves. This is partly due to a belief that welfare expenditure may be used as a substitute for high wages; partly to a belief that the effort of such considerate and far-sighted employers is an effort stimulated by a desire to separate their workers from the general labor movement outside, and erect a little comfortable enclave of "superior" and contented wage-earners. Neither of these suspicions is entirely without foundation. Even such a pioneer of progress and genuine lover of the workers' interest as Robert Owen could recommend the New Lanark Experiments to other employers on the ground that "one result of the excellent conditions was that workers were obtained at lower wages." And although, fortunately for the spread of the movement, some of the pioneer employers in this country have also been distinguished by their ardor for shorter hours, higher wages, and the general advance of the trade union and labor movement, there have been certain exceptions where schemes of profit-sharing or increased factory comfort, here and in America, have been associated with an attempt to prohibit membership of trade unions, and to detach the

workers at their factories from the general labor movement outside. Moreover, in the work of propaganda this further difficulty arises. It has been demonstrated beyond challenge that welfare work in the factory "pays" the employer or company, not only in sentiment, but in actual cash returns. Employees whose health and comfort are thus cared for, who work under conditions which make for happiness, whose difficulties are adjusted, whose life is made interesting, are found to be better wage-earners than the mass of discontented, mentally harassed, bodily unhealthy women and girls which make up the human material of too many disorganized unskilled women's trades. This actual remunerative return has been widely proclaimed, in America especially; for it lifts the whole reform out of the region of pleasing individual satisfactions, and offers a possibility of indefinite extension to regions where such welfare work is at present unknown. On the other hand, this triumphant proclamation is apt to excite the darkest suspicion in the minds of the leaders of the workers themselves, who read in the whole affair merely an attempt of the "capitalist" to obtain larger dividends by keeping the "human machine" as efficient as the actual apparatus of iron and steel. Miss Proud and all similar advocates have, therefore, to steer warily, supplementing the proclamation that "it pays" by the proclamation that it is also good in itself, immeasurably increasing the happiness, health, and personal dignity of the worker. They have to plead that "the club would not be worth a thought if considered as an alternative to a living wage; but it is not; and in effect it seems as likely to arouse discontent with discomfort in homes as to create satisfaction with existing conditions." If, as some economists assert, it pays as well or better to run industry on a high-wage system as on a low-wage system, all men would advocate the former rather than the latter, as representing a general human betterment. And in the same way Miss Proud, from her Australian experience, places her demand for the general organization of welfare work on the highest grounds of human improvement. "'Charity' is not tolerable to Australians," she says, "nor does 'efficiency' hold them with a magic spell. If one or other of these were its sole basis, welfare work would have a short shrift in Australia. But nothing appeals more strongly to the Australian people than a high standard of living, and a general improvement in factory conditions cannot but help in the desired direction."

Miss Proud gives a fascinating account of the varied activities included under the general title of welfare work in the factory. No welfare department actually accomplishes all that is here described, but nothing is included which is not attempted in at least one factory. They include examination and report upon applicants for work; cleanliness; light; comfort; sanitation; provision of dining-rooms, cloak-rooms, reading-rooms, rest-rooms; examination of fatigue and provision for physical health and change of occupation where unsuitable; development of recreation, dancing, singing, music; control of fines or rewards; gardens; baths; convalescent homes; education facilities; even the controversial question of hours of labor and piece and time rates of wages. The work is, of course, more developed in connection with the work of women, boys, and girls than with adult male labor, partly because these latter are more able to look after themselves and their comfort than the elements which are more indifferent or acquiescent; partly because the whole tendency of factory law and inspection has largely been concentrated on the protection of the less organized and physically weaker labor of women and children. She can show that, contrary to the general impression, most of the movements for legal protection of the factory worker come from the enlightened and humane employers themselves; and she believes that from the employers also these developments supplementary to the legal minimum guarantee for health and comfort will come, first, from general voluntary experiment, later, perhaps, by the formation of a State "Welfare Department," with some general obligation laid upon all. She traces the development of the welfare system from the more or less casual ex-schoolmaster or broken-down factory worker or employer's wife or homely untrained elderly woman to the development of the specially-trained welfare expert, requiring knowledge of experiment elsewhere, "infinite tact," realization of what

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to avoid. She refuses to accept welfare work as an alternative to labor organization, or as a scheme of charity demanding a reciprocal gratitude; and protests in the strongest terms that welfare programmes must be so carried out as to be consistent with the independence of the workers, both political and economic. "The employer who hopes to create feelings of gratitude in the hearts of his employees is doomed to disappointment, not because the workers are incapable of gratitude or fail to recognize his efforts, but because they do not desire charity but justice. Their hope is in a widening out of the idea of social justice." She distinguishes, therefore, between the developments which may be taken as gratifying the desire of the employer, excellent in many ways, but strictly luxurious—such as beauty of appearance in the factory, garden cities, or suburbs outside, provision of various conveniences for the workers outside office hours, such as gardens, swimming baths, clubs, libraries, which may compete with municipal or other outside agencies; and the essential welfare work in the factory, for the health and comfort of the worker, which is really a kind of extension of inevitable factory law and regulation. It is this latter on which she lays most emphasis, and which she believes to be most fruitful in result—now and in the future. The National Insurance Act has revealed an altogether unexpected aggregate of sickness amongst women workers, which has swept away all previous estimate; and for each case of actual sickness there must be a larger fringe of active workers not quite well. It is with these that welfare work primarily deals; and the provision of good, cheap food, decent accommodation, opportunities of rest and recreation, and a higher standard of personal dignity is found to react upon health and happiness in a surprising fashion.

Organized Welfare Work has advanced but slowly in England. Only two conferences of Welfare Workers have at present been held—the first in 1909 at Birmingham, when seventeen firms were represented; the second at York in 1913, when the numbers had risen to twenty-seven. The immense upheaval of the war, however, in this as in so many other questions, has suddenly thrust forward progress with an almost bewildering acceleration. The State, directly or indirectly, has suddenly become the employer of hundreds of thousands of women, of whom the greater number have been called to work of which they had previously no knowledge, under conditions of pressure and hasty accommodation unfavorable to the welfare of the individual worker. It is altogether admirable, therefore, that a Central Welfare Department should have been established at the Ministry of Munitions, with Mr. Seeborn Rowntree as its head, through which welfare work is being developed throughout the whole of these gigantic industries. "Appointments are being made," says Mr. Lloyd George, in his preface to this study of welfare work, "in all national factories in which women are employed. Many controlled establishments have followed suit. I cannot insist too strongly on the importance of the movement. It helps to secure a larger and speedier output of munitions; it preserves the health and happiness of the worker; it relieves the harassed employer of a needless strain." This Public Welfare Department, created under the exigencies of war, will remain and flourish when peace is restored. Its results will be watched with the profoundest interest by all concerned with the future of social reform.

POETOMACHIA.

"Amores: Poems." By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

ONCE upon a time there was fought between Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Ben Jonson, and their camp-followers a deadly tournament in rhyme, a swelling Battle of Books, which Dutch, homespun Dekker called "that terrible poetomachia." It is a far cry from these stalwarts to Mr. Lawrence, and except in a mutual exuberance, impatience of conventional restraints, and in all except Ben Jonson and a part of Dekker, an effort to pluck up the glooms and agonies of the soul rather than inhale its perfumes and rapture, they have little enough in common with the novelist. But that happy phrase "poetomachia" seems to us extremely appropriate to the cast and texture of Mr. Lawrence's poems. Critics have been rather in the habit of confusing the wealth,

variety, and vigor—not sifted from, it must be acknowledged, a frequent tortuousness and incongruity—of Mr. Lawrence's imagery with a diversity of mood. But Mr. Lawrence is not a poet of moods, but of a mood. Even his experience is limited and concentrated rather than progressive or a store of variegated memories. And to pursue the analysis even further, his poetic method is also used to turn upon one pivot. This method is clearly and unambiguously evident. In poem after poem of Mr. Lawrence's latest volume, we find him first of all striking out a bold, sharp, angular, sometimes original image from nature—an image, so to speak, with a high-light upon it—and then sinking that image into the equally bold expression of his emotion. This gradation, or rather abrupt leap from a general into a personal impression, is nearly always distinct and traceable. Now, had Mr. Lawrence a cornucopia of feeling to pour into a poetic mould, it is very doubtful whether this comparatively simple process would be adequate to it, and it would soon be tiresome enough to watch nature twisted and contorted into a variety of shapes to suit a manifold complexity of emotional needs, if, that is to say, this way of philosophizing natural forms and objects—of fitting the two together by taking, first of all, the impersonal, natural phenomenon and then its correspondence to human feeling—was kept, as Mr. Lawrence keeps it, distinct and apart. The great poet fuses and synthesizes his material by a shorter cut, by a more unified and embracing vision. But Mr. Lawrence's mood being, as we suggested, single, his method of expression, though prone to ungainly lapses, as of a poet "moving about in worlds not realized," is not unsuitable to it. Particularly as that mood, being a rude conflict between spiritual and physical forces, gives a hammer-like vigor to the images struck violently out of nature. As a poet, in the strict and proper sense, Mr. Lawrence has still a long way to go. But as an artist, using rhymes and metre to suggest a mood of disgust, disillusion, vain rebelliousness and aspiration, tormented egoism and tumultuous unrest, he makes a sometimes pitying, a sometimes repellent, but always powerful impression upon the reader. Where, one thinks, he falls short of sheer poetic realization, is in his failure to make his mood or experience ours. We are always conscious of watching this passionately struggling mood at a distance. We are spectators of it, not sharers in it. Which, indeed, is a natural consequence of a poetic impulse too exclusively personal, dragging its experience down into itself, rather than sending it outwards into contact with universals.

A word as to Mr. Lawrence's use of metre. Happily, there is no occasion here to enter the by now wearisome controversy as to whether free verse is or is not justifiable. For Mr. Lawrence, except in a very few instances, sticks to rhyme. And his metre suits his mood, and, to some extent, interprets it, frequently enough for us not to fall seriously at odds with him. But not by any means always. His rhymes sometimes have a curiously artificial ring, as though they were arbitrary and accidental marriages of sound; as though he were writing rhymes in the free-verse manner. We cannot guess the reason of this, unless it be that Mr. Lawrence has a deficient ear. There are certainly one or two examples which give color to the suspicion:—

"Almond and apple and pear diffuse with light, that very
Soon strews itself on the floor."

For halting verse like this there is no excuse. It is metre walking on a club-foot. Again:—

"I cannot see her, since the mist's white scarf
Obscures the dark wood and the dull orange sky;
But she's waiting, I know, impatient and cold, half-
Sobs struggling into her frosty sigh."

The run-on line is, of course, perfectly legitimate, but how clumsily Mr. Lawrence has used it here. Lastly:—

"A big bud of moon hangs out of the twilight,
Star-spiders spinning their thread,
Hang high suspended, withouten respite
Watching us overhead."

The italics are our own, and so deliberate a false lengthening of a foot need not be emphasized. Nor can these objections be dismissed as merely academic and traditional. A poet may sway his metres with what licence he pleases, provided that his liberties do not outrage the canons, not of prosody, but of assonance. But these departures of Mr. Lawrence's are ugly and discordant, from whatever point you look at them; they are *intrinsically* so. Metre always, of course, ought

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to be studied in relation to the thought or feeling which shapes it to their will. It was only the eighteenth-century heroic couplet which shaped the thought and feeling to the metre. But the laws of sound must equally obey the impersonal dictates of beauty. And Mr. Lawrence does not always reconcile the two.

The point, then, about this challenging volume is not so much its inherent quality as poetry, so much as its author's power to drive a harsh, sudden, "anguished" mood into rhythmic expression. A finished workman in poetic style Mr. Lawrence is not. Nor can he claim to be a thinker of profound discovery and searching insight, articulating his thought in inevitable verse. But as an experimenter, using verse-forms to visualize a terrible and now and again awe-inspiring dissatisfaction of soul, he deserves all our gratitude. His capacity of suggesting this mood by the use of violently concrete symbols is, indeed, remarkable. He is difficult to quote, because a quotation implies an entity removed from the context. We select the following as an example of a quieter and rarer sense of beauty:—

"The shorn moon trembling indistinct on her path,
Frail as a scar upon the pale blue sky,
Draws towards the downward slope: some sorrow hath
Worn her away to the quick, so she faintly fares
Along her foot-searched way without knowing why
She creeps persistent down the sky's long stairs."

It is not so beautiful as Sidney's "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies"—which it somewhat resembles; but it has a fine quality.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

"The Empress Eugénie and her Son." By EDWARD LEGGE.
(Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

BORN in the year 1826, the Empress Eugénie was eleven years old when Victoria became Queen of England. She celebrated her ninetieth birthday in May of this year. "Having been everything," says a French writer of to-day, "she no longer wishes to be anything." Another Frenchman alludes to her as "a figure almost unreal, which has voluntarily entered into the past." The first statement strikes us as being nearer to the mark than the second. The imperial old lady, who fifty years ago was still the centre of the constellated beauties of Europe, has, perhaps, renounced almost everything but life. Ambitions have long ceased in the woman who was the most ambitious of her day—she who, coldly or mockingly, or most astutely said to Napoleon III.: "The way to my chamber, Sire, lies through the church." But with ambition, passion also has passed; passion and all political enmities and what was once (when first she came to live among us) the desire to put herself right with the world. Within a month or two of the beginning of her exile she sent out two documents, each a kind of manifesto. They were indiscreet, they were even extraordinarily indiscreet; and, worse than this, they were very foolish. But from that date she has written nothing; and will now, of course, not think of writing; though her mind is as alert as her pen hand is firm and bold. Memoirs she has eschewed, though she could have bestowed on the world something strange and piquant in this way. Years ago, Lord Acton said that we had singularly few authentic documents concerning the reign of Napoleon III. The Empress long since decided that she herself would give posterity no assistance; and we rather think that in this decision there was something generous and self-sacrificing on her part, since she thus cast herself into the hands of historians, to judge her for her politics. It will be a task of some difficulty, when account is taken of Mexico, the Italian War, the Franco-German campaign, and the Pope.

If, however, we may regard the Empress as one who "no longer wishes to be anything," we are quite unable to think of her "as a figure almost unreal." She is ninety years old, and her vitality is amazing. Every morning, with her large scale maps before her, she, a foreigner in England, a Spaniard, follows each step of the war more studiously than the majority of our own folk do. In the autumn of 1914, eighty-eight years of age, she converted into a sanatorium for wounded officers a large wing of her beautiful home in

Hampshire, and no day passes that she does not visit each of the eight rooms and chat with her guests. Is there an officer on leave from the front in the neighborhood of Farnborough? A cover is laid for him at the Empress's table. "It is only a war dinner I can give you," says the hostess. "My cook is out there." But she wants to know everything that is happening, and especially what the French and English are doing. These are the expressions of the Empress's vitality in war, a war in the course of which she has stood at her park gate to watch the march of prisoners of the nation that has twice overrun the country wherein she shared a throne. Up to the very date of the war her vitality found its outlet in travel. She must always be doing something; she has the restless humor of a tragical or semi-tragical fate that seems to have had a kind of triumph in the mere duration of life:—

"It is her incessant craving for activity, rather than a vague nostalgic love for unknown countries, that led her every year to embark on her yacht or on a steamer. She is never under an illusion of happiness except when she feels herself free under the sky and a prisoner at sea, the roughness of which never has any effect on her."

This passage also may be glanced at, as bearing on the quotations with which we opened:—

"She has been often treated as if she no longer belonged to this world. It has been said that the Empress hates cowards and cowardice. That, however, is not exact. It can be safely said that the time has come when she hates nothing and no one."

With this we may leave Mr. Legge's book, which is scrappy and rather shapeless, but runs to an interesting end.

In the long tale of the marriage of sovereigns there is nothing queerer, nothing more romantic, and, at the same time, nothing that has less of heart in it than the union of Louis Napoleon with the beautiful Spaniard. Here is a pair of the most remarkable adventurers in history. The one a Pretender, who wins a throne, links his fate as Emperor with a captivating young foreigner, whom he certainly loves, but whom he marries chiefly for the reason that she forces him to the altar. They could in no circumstances have had much in common, and, perhaps, they were fatally divided in opinion at the crisis that issued in their exile. Emperor and Empress, they have both remained a little mysterious; and it would be interesting to know what documents are available, or will ever be available, for the true history of the Second Empire. No one has as yet discovered them.

THE SENTIMENTAL TARIFF.

"The New Protectionism." By J. A. HOBSON. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BONAR LAW's dictum that "sentiment rules the world" frankly revealed the strategy of the New Protection. There is really nothing to be said for it, except that it promises to satisfy the passions of the sentimentalist, who can think of no guiding principle in our future foreign relations more constructive than to hit Germany and to go on hitting her. The inordinate difficulty of conducting any kind of argument in war-time with this domineering sentiment, fed as it is from week to week by outrages which seem for the moment to blot the whole horizon, is tempting too many Free Traders to postpone all discussion until a calmer atmosphere arrives with peace. That is a fatal procrastination, and the frank demands of our opponents for haste, their evident determination to commit us to a policy of tariff and boycott while our anger lasts, deprives it of any reasonable excuse. Mr. Hobson has rendered a great service at once to Free Trade and to the cause of permanent peace by his prompt analysis in this terse and concentrated little book of the policy outlined in the resolutions of the Paris Conference. It is a spirited controversial essay, and, needless to say, a thinker so penetrating and a writer so trenchant and direct as Mr. Hobson dissipates with ease the muddles and the fallacies of the new doctrine. We have tried in a number of articles to deal with them in our own columns, but the case against the Paris policy only gains by the careful and detailed treatment which Mr. Hobson is able to give it. In order to pursue the controversy at all he has had to assume that the pro-



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gramme means something. Mr. Asquith's speech of a couple of weeks ago evaded the question whether it means the adoption of a general tariff. Mr. Hobson assumes that it does, and by no ingenuity, after refusing "most favored nation" treatment to the enemy, could we avoid the trade war in which our only possible weapon of offence would be, if not a tariff, then the still more drastic expedient (hardly consistent even with a nominal state of peace) of the total prohibition of German imports.

Mr. Hobson conducts his argument on two lines. He analyzes the assumptions which underlie the current military metaphors, which imply that foreign trade (at least as the Germans conducted it) is necessarily a kind of war, and in some mysterious way escapes the general definition of an exchange of goods and services. It is, we suppose, chiefly the sudden discovery by a very ignorant public of the extent to which German capital "penetrated" certain countries which has caused this alarm. Did this "penetration" differ in motive from that of British capital? When German banks promoted new industries in Russia and Italy had they a fundamentally different motive from that of the British capitalists who predominate in Argentina? The fact is that German capital invested abroad was only one-fourth of ours, and the chief difference was that it preferred the less advanced European field, which we neglected for the Colonies. Was the motive political? It may have been so in part, as the motive of French investments in Russia frankly was. But if it was regarded as an adjunct to a military policy it was clearly folly; for with the outbreak of war all this capital was at once locked up, and even jeopardized. Indeed, the new Central Europe policy rests largely on a perception of the fact that in a dangerous world it is safer to cultivate allied fields.

Mr. Hobson's analysis of the probable effects of a sentimental tariff, based on the degree of love which we bear (1) to colonies, (2) to Allies, (3) to friendly neutrals, (4) to unfriendly neutrals, and (5) to enemies, makes lively reading, and it is, indeed, an idea so frankly uneconomic that the saner part of the world has a difficulty in taking it seriously. It breaks at every test, for it would worsen the case both of Allies and of colonies in our markets. The complications as to neutrals are, perhaps, the most formidable. It is vain to say, as Mr. Asquith said, that we are not aiming at neutrals, if we act as Mr. Bonar Law acts, when he taxes their palm-kernels with the same prohibitive duty which he devised for the destruction of German trade. On the whole, the most probable result of such a policy would be to drive the neutrals, and especially the United States, Brazil, and Holland, into a commercial alliance with Germany. The alternative is that neutral trade will enjoy the most favored place in both camps, while the neutral shipper (free of both our ports) and the neutral banker will rapidly supplant us as the world's carriers and financiers.

On the whole, perhaps the most useful part of this vigorous and timely book is its concluding chapter, in which it advances as the alternative to the new Protectionism the constructive policy of the Open Door. There seems to be a vague mass feeling in the country that Free Trade in its relation to peace is somehow discredited. The answer as to war finance is clear, and sufficiently grasped. But it is not sufficiently understood, how all the wrangling and the arming which may be traced to the closed market and the monopoly concession area, helped to prepare this war. Mr. Hobson has not digressed into this historical inquiry, but he has put very forcibly the case for divorcing the struggle in the world for economic opportunity from the regulation by force, by bringing it under a system of international commissions. This is the real alternative to the Paris policy, and it needs to organize and supervise it, some League of Peace which must not be merely a negative, arbitral body to deal with aggression as it arises. Mr. Bonar Law's policy and the Paris policy mean a return to the worse forms of mercantilism, the exploitation of dependencies as monopoly areas, which produce raw material exclusively for the benefit of the home country. That means, first, a gross wrong to the native, and, secondly, a challenge to all the world to regard our Empire as a dangerous usurpation. All this (and much more) Mr. Hobson has put fearlessly and well, and his book ought to have a wide, popular circulation. It is issued at half-a-crown, but an even cheaper edition ought to be issued before long.

MR. NIVEN'S ATTACK

"Two Generations." By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

THOSE who remember "The Justice of the Peace," that finely-wrought chronicle of the life of a Glasgow merchant and his household, will turn with curiosity to Mr. Niven's companion picture of a Dundee family in "Two Generations." Its sharply veracious delineation of the *mésalliance* of George Murray—whose father, the city librarian, had himself "married beneath him"—would have been stigmatized not so many years ago as "depressing"; but the young generation is wiser than its elders, and cares less for fiction that is "sweetened to taste" with an intolerable deal of sugar. The days of the Kailyard school appear to be definitely over, and fiction, much harder and closer in grain, will arrive, we hope, to do justice to the keen Scottish intelligence. The unflinching picture of the petty, soul-killing manoeuvres of two shallow types of suburban femininity, and the bread-winner's temporary escape by taking to drink, is a trifle dour; but the reader gathers a fearful joy from watching Mr. Niven's relentless offensive against the duplicity of feminine *parti-pris* is due, we think, to the feeling that social justice cries aloud for the same resolute hand to avenge an infinity of helpless men, fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers. For no one can be so pathetically helpless as the refined "nice" man who has blundered into marriage with a parasitic, petty type of woman, secure in her suburban panoply of intolerable virtue, and bristling with pretensions to a thin gentility.

With a sinking heart one watches George Murray, the cultivated and brilliant clerk in a Dundee firm, succumbing, in Book I., to the common wiles of his landlady's daughter. It is a tragic case, because George divines only too well that the cheap but tremendous lure of her sex attractions will be his undoing. He revolts, but his premonitory struggles are of no avail against the yielding coyness of this "tallish girl, with arched dark eyebrows, pretty blue eyes, and a cleft in her chin." Instinct warns the young man that he will make a fool of himself if he does not cut loose and run from her and her kittenish ways, and, being a fool, he stays on, and she coils round him with bright confidences of how her people say that he is "only carrying on" with her, and isn't an honorable man. Then, in a weak moment, he buys an engagement ring, which burns a hole in his waistcoat pocket till he hears her saying dreamily, "I know now, when you kissed me like that—that it doesn't matter what people say"; and then he places it on her finger. So he plights his troth, and a misplaced sense of honor keeps him to his word, even when Ethel's underbred, babyish prattle about "handsome men" and her sister being able to "dress well," and how gentlemen ought to smoke cigars and not pipes in the street, show that their two worlds lie apart. We groan, but what can anyone do to save him? The man, being a man, goes to his doom, and Mr. Niven, after some pregnant scenes, draws a veil decently over the agonies of the suburban *ménage*, till the curtain is raised, in Book II., on its horrid disruption. Poor George has yielded to his taste for drink, inherited from the spindle side, and often in liquor, he is drifting from situation to situation, losing interest in his own future, and his two children's education. Mr. Niven must be congratulated on the subtle shades by which the drunkard's fine intelligence and kind qualities are shown gleaming like sunken treasure amid the black timbers of his moral shipwreck. The tipling, red-eyed father, who at first is only a "funny man" to his children, has now become a terror to them by night. We are told very little about his harassed wife, save that her vein of frigid acerbity, reinforced by her thin, Scottish piety, becomes but a feeble weapon against his growing violence and lust for drink. It is implied that a clever, womanly woman, by welcoming Murray's city cronies to his fireside, would have held him by the leash of affection and of his self-respect; but we must leave this point to his countrymen to settle. Anyway, George Murray has sunk to the danger-point, when an attack of delirium tremens supervenes. And then, after pressure from relatives, he consents to signing a deed of separation "for the sake of Ethel and the kids," and the curtain is again lowered for a space.

In Books III. and IV., the burden of the tale is the son,

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The CHRISTMAS TERM will commence on September 25th.

Entrance Examination, Thursday, September 21st.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for ASSOCIATESHIP, A.R.C.M., will take place in April, 1917.

Syllabus and Official Entry Forms may be obtained on application to the Registrar.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC PATRONS' FUND,

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1916. Price 2s. 6d.

The September number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW contains the following articles:—

AN ENGLISH EDUCATION FOR ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR M. E. SADLER.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN.

By HUGH A. LAW, M.P.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN STATES.

By DR. E. J. DILLON.

LAND SETTLEMENT IN EAST AFRICA.

By COMMANDER WEDGWOOD, M.P., D.S.O.

THE DILUTION OF LABOUR.

By PERCY ALDEN, M.P.

LABOUR PROBLEMS AFTER THE WAR.

By PROFESSOR A. C. FIGOU.

THE END OF A RAMSHACKLE EMPIRE.

By SUUM CUIQUE.

SWITZERLAND AND THE WAR.

By SIR JACOB PRESTON.

MARTIAL LAW.

By J. O. HERDMAN.

"THE CITY OF GOD."

By THE REV. PROFESSOR H. H. SCULLARD, D.D.

THE DORMOUSE.

By FRANCES PITT.

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By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.

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Several hundred of the N.C.O.s and men of The Royal Munster Fusiliers have now been Prisoners of War in Germany for two years.

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Anyone who wishes to do so, can adopt a Prisoner of this Regiment by subscribing 5/- per week to the Fund. In so doing, the Subscriber will have satisfaction of knowing that, in addition to feeding the Prisoner of War, he is relieving the wife, mother, or other relative of the Prisoner of a considerable burden.

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Ted Murray's, masculine suffering at the dexterous hands of his sister and mother. It is a ticklish job for a novelist, in tracing the lives of two generations, to steer between the Scylla of exhaustiveness and the Charybdis of sketchiness. Our only criticism of Mr. Niven's brilliant narrative is that he does not explain to us how Ted, from a child, has preserved his faith in the reality of the halo worn by Mrs. Murray. She treats the lad with slighting coldness, while all her admiration goes out to his sister, Mabel, that superior young person who is now earning the family living. The triumph of the story, however, lies in the subtle way in which Mabel improves on the family tradition of feminine hardness. In her grey-bluish eyes there gleams a steely self-centredness mixed with idealism. Her genuine belief in the superiority of her sex conceals a hysterical intensity, which is veiled by a veneer of "charm" when she wishes to be gracious to men. The atmosphere that she and her mother generate between them in their defensive alliance to keep Ted under and be properly contrite for his masculine existence, suggests an interminable vista in the past of feminine rancor against the rule of the male. Mr. Niven suggests, indeed, that Mabel is the victim of her own temperamental "intensity," and that, in her hunger to be worshipped and treated as a queen by her admirers, she suffered the agonies of disillusionment. But one is the less disposed to soften towards her since, pitying herself, she is herself very hard towards the weak. Against Ted and his male friends, she uses all the facile weapons of her "emancipated" women friends. One cannot help praising highly Mr. Niven's creation, for Mabel, in her wish to eat her cake and have it too, to show men their inferiority, and yet to bring them to her feet, Mabel, in her recriminations, in her "melting" moments, is far more terrifying than her parasitic mother. It is as though nature, to match the hardness of competitive life, had evolved in Mabel a creation carefully begirt for the offensive. It is true that Ted as a brother is not an unbiassed witness, and Mr. Niven, moreover, has yielded to the weakness of endowing him with far more analytic subtlety of insight and skill in argument than is possible in a youth of his years. But the atmosphere's the thing! And the atmosphere of "this united family," from which Ted escapes by-and-by to bachelor freedom, is one which may bring some unpleasant qualms of memory to the North Briton. One may add, however, that the free-handed sketches of Dundonian citizens' evening foregatherings in hospitable "bars," have a pleasing warmth and mellowness of tone which shows the Scotsman at his best. Mr. Niven has carefully chosen his ground of battle, and we doubt not that any angry compatriots will decide to give him the wall till a more favorable opportunity offers.

The Week in the City.

ALTHOUGH the capital importance of Roumania's entry into the war was obvious as a factor making for victory, it failed to cause anything like a boom or even a general upward movement in prices on the Stock Exchange. What it did was to steady Consols and check the downward movement in Home Railway Stocks, which are depressed by fears of investors consequent on the sudden and insistent demand by railway men for a big rise in wages to meet the increased cost of living. If dividends fall as income-tax rises people living on fixed incomes have hard times ahead. Food and commodity prices are now the most absorbing feature of the economic situation. Coal shares are strong, on the increas-

ing price of fuel. The cotton market is in a most excitable and panicky condition. It is doubtful, states one Liverpool report, "whether the intense nervousness and general feeling of apprehension as to the future has ever been surpassed." Raw cotton prices have risen higher than at any time since the American Civil War, and the situation created by so great an advance is evidently dangerous, apart from the violent fluctuations of the last few days, which attract speculators and warn off conservative traders. The wheat position is also causing anxiety, owing to a doubt whether the American and Canadian crops (which will be much below early estimates) will serve to supply our needs at even present high prices. The cost of bread has nearly doubled since the war; sugar has more than doubled; so have eggs. Nothing edible seems to be at all cheap, except oysters. Luckily the home crops are pretty good. But after the storms a good spell of dry weather is badly needed.

TEA SHARES.

Although it was quite expected at first that the war would have an adverse effect upon the tea trade, events have proved the contrary to be the case. The increased purchasing power of a large proportion of the poorer classes, the restrictions on alcohol, and many other influences have resulted in a large increase in the world's consumption of tea, in spite of higher duties and prices. And as the 1915 crop was a bumper one, tea-planting companies had a very prosperous season, for the rise in the cost of production was small in proportion to the increase in the prices realized. Dividends have consequently been raised, but not unduly, for large sums had to be kept in reserve to meet the heavy demands of the excess profits tax. Share prices have also risen, but at the present time the shares of some of the old-established concerns offer a very profitable return, as may be seen from the following table:—

	Dividend, 1915. Per cent.	End July, 1914.	Price. End Aug., 1915.	End Aug., 1916.	Present Yield. £ s. d.
Assam Co.	25	48½	48	54½	9 3 6
Ceylon Plantations ...	60	52	61-16	62	9 1 0
Consol. Tea and Lands...	22½	15	17½	18½	11 18 6
Doonars ...	32½	3½	3-5-16	3½	9 7 3
Empire of India ...	22½	12	2-1-16	2½	10 0 0
Imperial ...	12½	1½	1-5-16	1½	10 0 0
Jokai (Assam) ...	17	16	15½	17½	9 11 6
Moabund ...	30	12	1-15-16	2½	13 6 6
Neddeem ...	40	3	3½	37-16	11 12 6

Reports of the current year's crops point to a lower yield, and it must be borne in mind that costs are likely to go on rising, while the high prices realized for last year's crop will hardly be maintained. But there is no probability of a severe reduction in the rates of distribution.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS TRUST.

The report of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust Ltd. for the year ended March 31st last shows some improvement on last year. Profits amount to £48,000 compared with £1,700 a year ago, and a dividend of 3 per cent. is paid, as against nothing last year. The company, besides holding a large amount of shares in other companies, also owns property standing in the books at £958,100, which for the first time has produced revenue, the profits for the produce account amounting to £15,100, as against a loss of £3,400 in the previous year. Revenue from investments rose from £27,900 to £56,600, but the return on the total capital employed is very small, though an excess of £134,400 shown at the March valuation of investments over the book-value is satisfactory. The company, however, can hardly yet be described as highly prosperous, and an investment in the shares at the present time would be accompanied with a certain amount of risk.

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